Liberty

DEC. 23, 1944 10c

Book: LEBANON
A New Novel by Pulitzer Prize Winner Caroline Miller

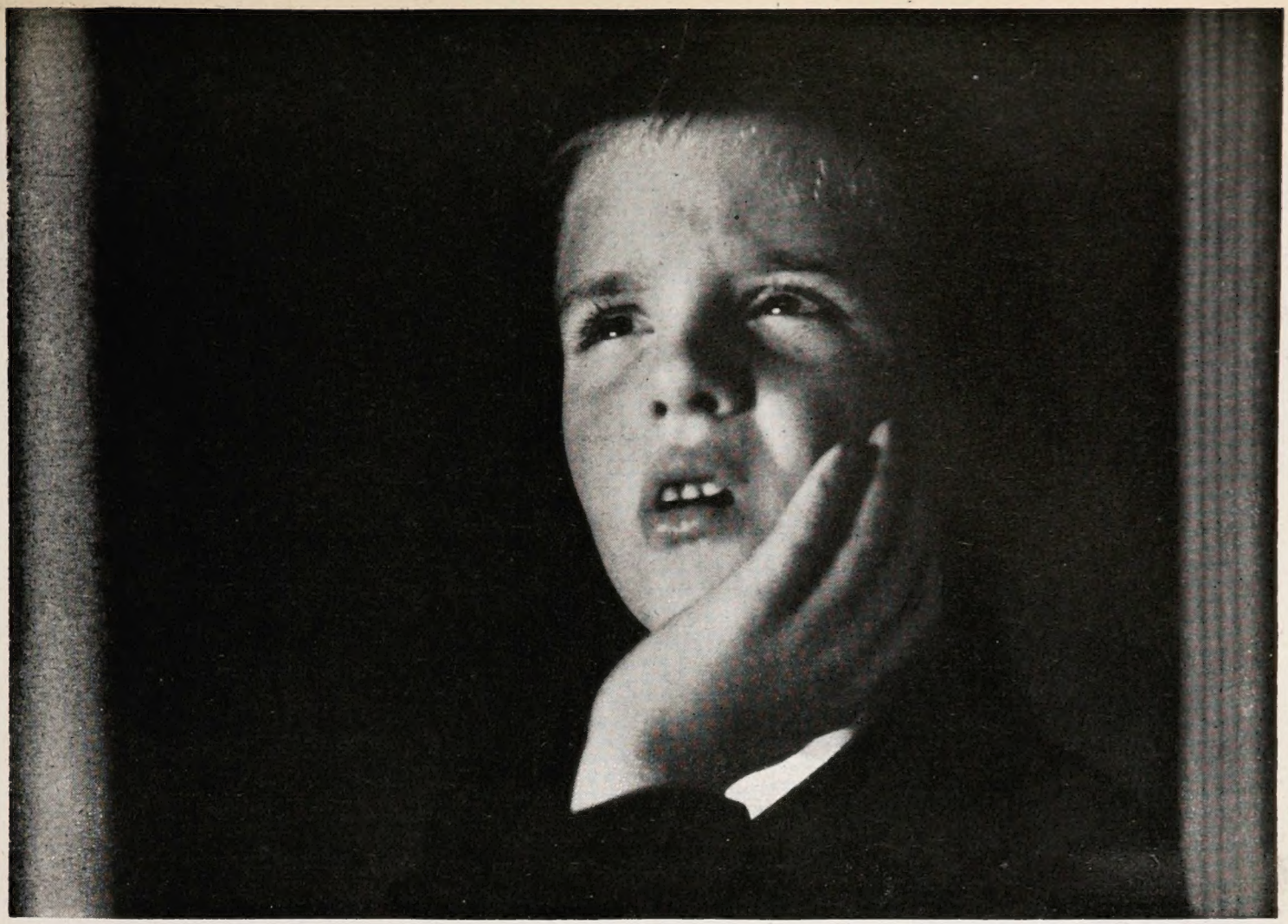
IS THE HUMAN RACE WORTH SAVING?
BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

Owned by the same family and made to the same formula for almost three-quarters of a century, you are assured the same traditional high quality and flavor wherever and whenever you sip a drink made with Kentucky Tavern.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated,* Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*



Am I embarrassed! Why, Pop ...

You brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!

Pop: What's so terrible about that, Bobby? It's my *teeth* that need care, not my *gums*.

Bob: You'd go to the *end* of the class in our school for *that* answer, Pops. We're taught that regular gum massage is just as important to teeth as regular brushing.

Pop: Well, this is something *I* never learned in school. Fire away, Teacher.

Bob: Oh, you're just kidding, Dad. *Everybody* knows you should massage your gums after brushing, 'cause today's soft foods often let gums get flabby and tender, and then comes "pink" on your tooth brush, and then, "oh-oh"!

Pop: What do you mean, "oh-oh"?

Bob: Just, "oh-oh," better make a date to *see your dentist right away!*

Product of Bristol-Myers

The importance of regular gum massage for healthy teeth is being taught in thousands of schools throughout the country.

Not only that: A 1944 survey shows that 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby, tender gums, protect your teeth.

Fortunately, Nature gives us a warning signal when a danger point is reached—a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush. *See your dentist* when this happens. He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to help the health of the gums. One reason why more than twice as many dentists today personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice, as shown by a nationwide survey. So remember...

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE

CARELESS TALK
CAN BE PIECED
TOGETHER BY THE
ENEMY

In This Week's Liberty

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Painted by Jay Nourbel

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Look what's still buzzin' in Bombay!"

TWO G.I.'s hailed a taxi in Bombay, India — then whistled with surprise. For the cab that rolled up was a 1932 Plymouth. And they were told that it had been in continuous taxi service!*

Thirteen years is a long life for any car—and practically eternity to a cab. But the actual incident of the Bombay old-timer may not greatly surprise Plymouth owners in this country. *They realize that their Plymouths are designed, engineered and manufactured for long-lasting performance.*

**Actual letter in the Plymouth files*

Today . . . with Plymouth using its facilities in making parts and assemblies for Curtiss Helldivers, Corsair fighters, tanks, guns, other weapons . . . the *durability* built into Plymouth cars is of vital importance. The three million Plymouths now on the road mean reliable low-cost transportation for three million drivers, their families, and their share-the-ride friends.

Plymouth dealers, too, are friends of Plymouth owners. The members of this nation-wide dealer organization are especially equipped to give the service that helps keep these great cars running in top form.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation

● TRUE YESTERDAY —

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

● IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW

You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P. M., E.W.T.

WEAREVER
Zenith

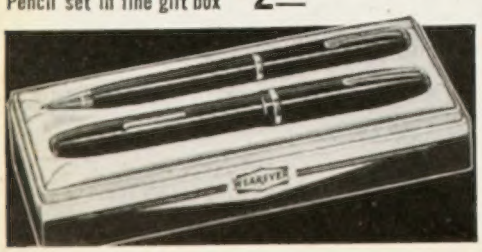
By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

$1.95

TELESCOPE PRECISION
realizes new pen perfection

The Wearever Zenith writes like a charm, effortlessly. From blueprint stage to finished pen, precision marks every step in its making . . . yes, precision comparable to that lavished on a fine telescope. Telescope Precision! With its 14-carat gold point, its exclusive "C-Flow" feed, its rich color selections, Wearever Zenith sets new fountain pen standards. Made by David Kahn, Inc. (Established 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in fine gift box $2.75



VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

ANTHONY RINGS THE BELL

PITTSBURGH, PA.—As a faithful reader of Liberty, I'd like to send a word of appreciation to Joseph Anthony for his clear, readable reviews. I'm a busy housewife and don't have much time to keep up with the latest books, but by following Mr. Anthony's column every week I feel that I have a good basis for choosing the ones I want, besides learning enough about the others to be able to talk about them. He's a good guide and, besides that, he's good reading himself!—*J. K.*

PAGING MR. MORPHEUS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I read the article Doctor Lullaby in your magazine (November 11). I have been having quite a bit of trouble sleeping lately and would like very much to know where I might be

able to obtain Mr. Mann's recording Relax and Sleep, and his book Put Yourself to Sleep. Thank you.—*Jay Wallerstein.*

Lewis & Conger, Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York City, has both the book and the record.—VOX POP EDITOR.

POSTSCRIPT ON SOLDIERS' VOTE

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—In the November 11 issue your editorial contained the following sentence: "Anyone who reaps the benefits of citizenship of this country without carrying out his obligation to vote is not only a slacker but a fool."

When you said "Anyone" in this instance, Mr. Hunter, you included those to whom Tuesday, November 7, was just another Tuesday because they happened to be *residents* of Florida, then in military hospitals *located* in Florida, recovering from wounds received in combat areas thousands of miles away. Unlike their buddies and shipmates who were in the same hospitals, but who were *not* residents of Florida, these Florida men were denied the privilege of casting an absentee ballot.

By way of proof that the above-mentioned statement is true, I offer an excerpt from an official announcement which was distributed October 24, 1944: "A serviceman resident of Florida, or South Dakota, absent from his home but physically inside the geographical limits of his State must appear in person in order to vote for Federal, State, County, and Local Offices."

Speaking as a serviceman who was adversely affected by this discriminatory law which required voting in person, I fail to find even a suspicion of a sound, fair, or logical reason for the making of these restrictive laws.—*K. A. MacK.*

A WORD TO THE WISE WAS SUFFICIENT

PORTLAND, OREG.—Let Liberty be congratulated on a real contribution to human advancement in publishing A Word to the Wise (November 4). The offering of such an article evidences a social conscience of unusual breadth.

I sincerely hope that Liberty will see fit to provide further opportunity for its readers to receive the benefits authors Alfred Korzybski and Fred Rodell could surely render.

Any magazine contributing in such a significant manner toward freeing society from the tyranny of elementalistic verbiage might very properly carry the title of "Liberty."—*Nathan E. Swan.*

SHANE GETS CROSSED UP

P	U	R	S	L	A	N	E	■	S	H	O	W
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WASHINGTON, D. C.—What is the matter with Ted Shane? Apparently he has gone "cockeyed."

Here I have been waiting for this week's issue (November 11) of Liberty in order to get the answer to the puzzle in last week's issue (November 4). Now I find that the answer to a totally different puzzle is in the November 11 issue. What gives?—*L. R.*

Due to "conditions over which we had no control" the correct answers to the November puzzles were not printed in order. Here's how matters stand: The answer to the November 4 puzzle was in the November 18 issue; the answer to the November 11 puzzle appears above; the answer to the November 18 puzzle appeared in both the November 11 and 25 issues. The November 25 answer appeared in the December 2 issue.—VOX POP EDITOR.

ME, MYSELF, AND I

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In answer to E. P. Abbott Cox, who thinks people shouldn't argue problems out in the Vox Pop columns (October 21 Vox Pop). Just how the heck does that guy think you are supposed to learn—by shooting yourself up on a lovely little ego pinnacle and manufacturing your own thoughts without ever stacking them up against someone else's? He must have one terrific "I" complex. Personally, I think it's a damn good idea to sift public opinion around. After all, there is some rumor about fighting this war for the good old American Way of Life, and if freedom of thought and expression isn't part of that, what is? There is my gripe.—*Cpl. H. Hoffen.*

Who is this man the Alcotts didn't want to see?

The Alcotts weren't overly cordial when he called.

"Don't drive much nowadays," Bert told the caller. "Just to and from my war job. Besides, nobody ever has an accident driving 35."

Then the man the Alcotts didn't want to see did some explaining. He produced figures to prove that 9,500,000 drivers were involved in accidents in *one* war year, most of which happened at speeds under 35. "Just *one* accident could ruin you financially!" he said.

Bert realizes now that taking out auto insurance was the smartest thing he ever did.

Bert Alcott *did* have an accident. The other driver was badly hurt. There was a staggering judgment—far more than Bert could have paid—if the man the Alcotts didn't want to see hadn't called. Who was this man?

He is a representative of State Farm Mutual, the world's *largest* auto insurance company, the company that has paid over 2,000,000 claims, saved its policyholders more than $55,000,000 in the cost of their insurance!

There are 7,000 men like him ready to help you

State Farm Mutual's NEW "Full Service" policy offers you what we sincerely believe to be the most protection for your money.

Remember when you insure your car, all auto insurance is NOT alike. Ask your friendly State Farm agent to show you how State Farm's policy is different in ways that protect *you*. He'll also be glad to help you with your life and fire insurance problems, too. You're gambling with the law of averages when you drive without insurance. The risk is great, the cost of protection is small. See your State Farm agent *today!*

NOW.. PERSONAL LIABILITY COVERED AT ONE LOW COST!

As part of State Farm's Full Service policy, or any one of its 3 other new auto policies, you can now get very broad Comprehensive Personal and Residence liability protection at extremely low rates. See your State Farm agent *today!*

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Pacific Coast Office: Berkeley, Calif.
Canadian Office: Toronto, Canada

FREE to Drivers—Informative Booklet

MR. G. E. MECHERLE
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way. LB-124

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone..... *State*.....

BUY MORE WAR BONDS—HOLD WHAT YOU HAVE!

A Mountie named Monty caught a cold

("Snow use!" he said. "My throat's too raw for smoking!")

So he tried a pack of KOOLS

("Mmm! How soothing!" he said)

He liked 'em so much then, even when his throat was horse,

UNION MADE

That he decided to smoke 'em all the time!

Get the drift?

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS *—for good!*

RIDIN' THE RAINBOW

By Rosemary Taylor

Liberty's Book Condensation

You never could tell whether Father's next enterprise was going to be a laundry, a gold mine, or an ostrich farm. But you could be certain of one thing—he was going to keep making life a ripsnorting, hilarious adventure for his sometimes rebellious but always admiring family!

WILL JAPAN WIN THE WAR OF IDEAS?

By Selden Menefee

Japan has her postwar plans too, win or lose. Unless we forestall them, she may be a greater menace in 1970 than she was in 1941.

OH, LITTLE STAR!

By Jean Francis Webb

Follow a tinsel star on Christmas Eve and see what it can do for a desperate man, a hopeless woman, and two confused young people in love.

IT'S A RADIO WAR

By Will H. Connelly

One reason for Allied fighting success is the excellence of our combat communications. The days when battles went according to plan only for the first few minutes are over.

IT ALL HAPPENS TO ME

By Henrietta A. Hirshfeld

Missing grandsons, bellicose sailors, lost drunks, prospective papas and mamas, latrine hunters, a mob of Navy recruits to herd—they're all in the day's work of the USO Travelers Aid.

RESCUE OF THE FOX-14

By Lieut. W. S. Papworth, U. S. N. R.

Where was Army Transport Service Ship Fox-14? Three days out of Hawaii she disappeared, and was missing for sixty-three days. Here's the story of how she was found and rescued—from a rather attractive fate.

SUCCESS SCHOOL FOR THE DISABLED

By Ray Giles

Take Johnny F. for example: crippled, bedridden for five years, unable to lift arms or legs. Now he plays baseball and makes a good living drawing maps. There's always hope for the "hopelessly" crippled.

-Love Her?....
THE REWARD HIGH, RISK GREAT,
Experiment Perilous!
Beautiful, bewitching, she lives under the fearful power of a desperate love. One man alone discovers the terrible secret that makes her life a nightmare, recklessly challenges the power that threatens to destroy her.
HEDY LAMARR
GEORGE BRENT
PAUL LUKAS
in
"Experiment Perilous"
with ALBERT DEKKER • CARL ESMOND
OLIVE BLAKENEY • GEORGE N. NEISE
MARGARET WYCHERLY
Produced by
ROBERT FELLOWS
Directed by
JACQUES TOURNEUR
Screen play by Warren Duff
ANOTHER OF THE GREAT
RKO RADIO

From the gripping pages of Margaret Carpenter's sensational best seller.

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The Coast Guard's twin arms of mercy, a cutter and a plane, show the close co-ordination of surface and aerial craft as they speed to pick up survivors.

Tougher Than Treetops

Allied airmen are determined, and their planes are built sturdy to get them there and get them back through a lot of difficulties.

Evidence of these qualities is the experience of a British pilot flying an American-made plane who got back from a strafing mission with the top of a tree in the front of his engine.

When twenty-year-old Sublieutenant B. A. Lawrence of the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve came back from the strafing ordeal in his Cyclone-powered Grumman Avenger, he had a dozen or more German trucks, buses, and gasoline carts marked down as casualties—and had parts of the tree in the motor cowling and his plane full of dents like the fenders on a Sunday driver's car. But he returned safely to his carrier.

"As the flight flew inland toward our target area, my aircraft was hit by some ack-ack and the windscreen became covered with oil," said Lieutenant Lawrence. "I decided to go on, and on two roads north of Nimes we found at least 100 German trucks, petrol bowsers, and buses.

"I couldn't see very much as I went down low to strafe one of the trucks, but I got in a good burst. Then the aircraft shuddered and jarred as it chewed its way through the treetops as I pulled up; but somehow it kept flying, with a piece of the tree in its teeth.

"The engine revs fell to a tick-over, but my speed carried me up. I thought the engine was going to stop, but it banged, coughed, and threw out black smoke, and then picked up in bursts.

"I thought I should have to make a forced landing and I looked around for a good field. The plane, however, began to fly more normally again and I started back for the ship, having lost the rest of my formation.

"When I showed up over the fleet they must have been quite surprised, for the flight leader already had reported I was missing."

The Story of an Airborne Operation

Nothing to date has so completely demonstrated the ineffectiveness and futility of stationary ground defenses as the First Airborne Army's aerial invasion behind the Nazi lines in Holland in mid-September.

Here was the demonstration which airmen had been expecting for a long time. The aerial invasion of France simultaneously with a ground assault on the beaches was as much taken for granted in the planning as the fact of the invasion itself. But the dropping of men behind the German lines to speed the forward push into Germany is something that had never been entirely tried out.

Germany used paratroopers in her invasion of the Lowlands in 1940, but not on the same scale as our maneuver in mid-September.

It is one thing to plan an aerial invasion along with an initial move, such as the German invasion of Holland in 1940 and the Allied invasion of France in June of this year. Everything is precisely timed and planned in the greatest detail. It is a surprise move followed quickly by ground support. But it is quite another thing to stage an aerial leapfrog in the midst of a war of movement. Here the aerial phase is not part of a broad initial thrust, but is a vital part of the front-line war of movement, with relatively more risks and gamble.

As we have mentioned before on this page, it was expected by airmen that the Army Air Forces would endeavor to carry

(*Continued on page 12*)

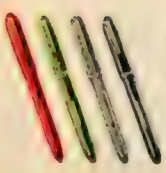
OUT OF THIS WORLD
(FOR THE DURATION)
Hollycourt
The Miracle Pipe—It Stays Dry
We're sorry Hollycourt Pre-Smoked Pipes are "out of this world" . . . no longer being made . . . for the duration of the war. But after Victory they'll be back and you'll still say they're "out of this world" . . . a Hollycourt with *the patented groove in the bottom of the bowl* is so cool, so sweet, so dry from the first to last puff.
FASHIONED BY M. LINKMAN & CO., CHICAGO 14, ILL.

Ready for your writing pleasure...

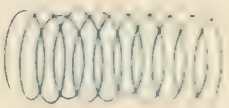
The new VENUS *President* Fountain Pen brings you tomorrow's postwar pen value today...gives you every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much, plus the VENUS Guarantee, for only $3.50

VENUS *President*

Large, 14 Karat gold point—*iridium* tipped



Beautiful two-toned colors and solid black



Smooth writing—*perfectly* balanced—*quick* starting

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., NEW YORK • *Makers of the famous* VENUS *Pencils*

Can YOUR cigarette match CHELSEA?

Chelsea is the new cigarette that's got everything! Just compare and you'll see why you hear so much talk about Chelsea these days...

Only the Finest Tobaccos of
100% PRE-WAR QUALITY

FOR MELLOWNESS, *tobaccos from Virginia...*
FOR BRILLIANCE, *from North and South Carolina...*
FOR NUT-LIKE SWEETNESS, *from Georgia and Florida...*
FOR RICHNESS AND FLAVOR, *from Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana and West Virginia...*
FOR FREE BURNING, *from Maryland...*
FOR AROMA, *from the Mediterranean Countries...*

MELLOWED WITH DEXTROSE—a *patented* Chelsea process that makes the smoke even richer, smoother and *less* irritating to nose and throat.

67 YEARS OF TOBACCO "KNOW-HOW"—

Made by the makers of famous Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco, a company that has specialized in only the finest quality tobaccos since 1877. Chelsea is your password... to the BEST in cigarettes!

CHELSEA
INVITES YOU TO LISTEN TO
GUY LOMBARDO
and his Royal Canadians in
"MUSICAL AUTOGRAPHS"
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, BLUE NETWORK, 10 P.M. EWT

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

(Continued from page 10)

out such an operation in Europe. For this is precisely the type of operation planned by the late great Brigadier General Billy Mitchell in World War I. Mitchell didn't have gliders, he didn't have big transport planes—but he did have plans all worked out for the first behind-the-front operation with what few planes and paratroopers he had. The big test was to have been made in December, 1918. The Armistice prevented it from being carried out. But airmen in the A. A. F. have long wanted to prove that Mitchell's idea was a sound one. Of what value is a stationary ground defense if it can be passed over by air and made vulnerable and ineffective from the rear?

The First Airborne Army, commanded by able Lieutenant General Lewis H. Brereton, was well equipped to make its contribution to the history of air warfare. After the aerial hop of 1,000 gliders towed by as many transport planes in June, the A. A. F. was able to retrieve many of the gliders. And our glider production has been so high that even with a large number of expendables, our supply is adequate for a series of aerial invasions.

Theoretically it would be possible to send an aerial army to a city hundreds of miles away, such as Berlin. But an aerial army must be kept supplied, and only airplanes can do this job. And airplanes still can't carry heavy artillery and heavy equipment. Hence airborne invasions are timed with ground action. The air army moves in ahead, attacks from the rear, and in due course is joined and supported by the oncoming ground forces.

The airborne operation proved itself many times over in Normandy in June. Whatever skepticism was left in the minds of ground officers was removed at that time; the ground invasion was made possible by the air support. Now it has demonstrated its usefulness again in a different kind of operation. All in all, it is a complete victory for old-time airmen: the followers of Billy Mitchell, of whom General H. H. "Hap" Arnold, commanding general of the Army Air Forces, is the most noted.

Peacetime Mercy Flights

Knowledge of flying gained from eighteen months of dropping death-dealing bombs on the Italian front has enabled an American pilot to save two lives on his return to this country.

Piloting a bomber was a nasty, dangerous job for Major Waldo B. Jones a year ago. Recently he was called upon to fly another kind of mission more to his liking. It was a race against time to save a life, not to destroy it.

Seaman Carlos Dillingham of Barnardsville, North Carolina, was shot accidentally while hunting. His removal to the Navy hospital at Charleston, 230 miles away, was imperative. Major Jones at the Asheville-Hendersonville Airport prepared a Lockheed Ventura, a twin-engine plane known as Loopin' Louis, for the mercy flight. On the engine run-up power would not come up because of faulty spark plugs. Two sets in each engine were replaced by eight men in the record time of eight minutes, and the wounded man was rushed to the hospital by air.

It was the second such mission for Major Jones. The first required a midnight takeoff to rush a girl, injured in a fall from a horse, to Baltimore for an operation which saved her life.

Thus, as Major Jones has done, more military pilots trained in flying skills for the war front will devote their talents to peacetime emergencies on their return to America.

WAR *STILL* NEEDS THE WIRES THIS CHRISTMAS

Please help keep LONG DISTANCE circuits clear for necessary calls on December 24, 25 and 26.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

There's Always One!

yes, and in lamps it's G-E!

You'll want this big value in lamp bulbs. For halls, closets, stairs, and ceiling units . . . G-E Mazda lamps in sizes

up to 60 watts

10¢

Plus Tax

Other popular G-E lamps

For reading . . . 100-watt	15¢
For kitchen . . . 150-watt	20¢
3-lite . . . (100-200-300 watt)	55¢
20-watt fluorescent	70¢
40-watt fluorescent	95¢

Plus Tax

NOW . . .
get the G-E Lamps you need!

Again you can say good-bye to bulbsnatching! For now you can buy all the G-E lamps you need, to replace wrong-size and burned-out bulbs, and fill those empty sockets. Don't waste electricity; use it wisely. Get the lamps you need for eyesight protection . . . and be sure you get G-E! Because the constant aim of General Electric lamp research is to make G-E lamps

Stay Brighter Longer

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra", Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS. • BUY WAR BONDS

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Here, in women's words and thoughts, is the issue of our age! The First Lady has brought the world problems of today down to warm, human, understandable terms

Is the Human Race Worth Saving?

BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

I HAVE on my desk several articles whose theme runs something like this: "Is Uncle Sam going to play Santa Claus to the world at the end of the war?" "Are we going to provide a giant WPA for the world when the war is over?" "Must we provide a quart of milk for every Hottentot?"

These are not just the words of sensational writers or of representatives of any one political party. They have been echoed in more or less similar phrases by statesmen who seem to be approaching the future with great apprehension.

I think there are just two questions which we should ask ourselves. One is: "Is the human race worth saving?" If not, let us become fully selfish, have as good a time as possible while living on this planet, and go out in a blaze of glory if necessary.

If human beings are worth saving, however, then the second question is: "How can they be saved?"

Every human being has two fundamental needs—the material and the spiritual. We must eat, sleep, and have shelter. These material needs vary with our geographical situation, our education, and our opportunity for development.

Our spiritual needs can be summed up in the need for some kind of worship and reliance on a strength beyond our own in which we have faith, and in the need which all men have for love.

Whether we succeed in solving our material problems depends more than we realize on whether we succeed in solving our spiritual problems. In using the word spiritual, I am not using it in its narrow sense. Religion will have a great deal to do with the attitude of human beings toward one another. But I am thinking primarily of the spiritual quality which raises human beings above the level of the animal.

We know very little about this inner power of ours, but perhaps in the coming years we will discover that it is possible to develop a spirit of brotherly love among the nations of the world. The satisfaction of our material needs will not of itself bring about the development of this spirit, but it is possible that we might never be able to set up the machinery requisite to satisfy them unless the spirit of love and understanding becomes a reality.

If the human race is to be saved, these necessities must be met. They cannot be met where people are slaves, either on the economic level or on a political or intellectual level. This becomes ever more apparent as scientific knowledge shrinks our world. The peoples of the earth are obliged to live in a proximity to one another which creates conditions such as exist in a family circle. The bitterest hate may arise within a family. Then either love overcomes that hate or the hate destroys the family. We are going to find ourselves in very much the same situation at the end of this war. We must decide that it is worth developing the laggards in our civilization and try to give all people a chance to help themselves, or we can have very little hope of anything but self-destruction.

So we return to the question: "Is Uncle Sam going to play Santa Claus to the world and is he going to conduct a giant WPA?" The best answer to that is to state the case this way:

Uncle Sam has 130,000,000 people living within his borders. They come from many different backgrounds. They belong to many religions. They have, therefore, a unique opportunity to understand a great many other people from other parts of the world.

The war has cost these people of Uncle Sam's a great deal of money. They have lost men and they have used up material wealth in production destined for destruction. They have, however, had full employ-

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They made a stunning couple and it did not hurt him to know that.

A ROOM ON MAIN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY N. MACHTEY

BY STEVE FISHER

HE never drank, but he drank now. He twisted the metal top off the pint bottle and drank from the neck of it. He set the bottle back on the dresser and looked at himself in the mirror. His hair was blond, combed neatly, and his face with the jutting cheekbones and thickish lips was heavy with a mahogany tan. His teeth were good, white and even, and his gray eyes were serious.

He saw all that, looking in the mirror, and he was aware that, in his uniform (with oak-leaf insignia on the shoulders), his appearance was smart. Once he went outside he could seem exceptionally smart-looking, especially with *her* on his arm. They made a stunning couple together and it did not hurt him to know that. People were always turning and gazing at them.

But looking now in the mirror, the first raw drink of whisky burning in his throat, he asked himself: How many times in his life can a man say good-by?

His reflection did not answer him nor could he himself, standing there, think of an answer. So he took another drink. He lit a cigarette then and sat down on the bed. He looked at the beautifully-appointed room, the colorful modernistic furniture. At the Palm Springs sun beating against the ivory-colored Venetian blinds; but not so bright a sun as before, because it was late afternoon now.

It was almost six, but he heard the splash of swimmers in the tile pool, the voices outside, and the sweet echo of juke-box music from the lounge.

This is the last time I'll hear these noises, he thought. And then he thought, I'm not sorry at all. I'm not ashamed. One hundred thousand dollars in a year and a half. But I'm not ashamed, even though there won't be any more in amounts that large again, or even a twentieth or a fortieth that large, or any more of this kind of living for me. The returning hero has had his wonderful hour and this is where we dissolve. No, not dissolve. We fade out here.

I'm not ashamed, he kept thinking. It wasn't a hundred thousand anyway, not after taxes were taken out, and agents' fees. It was much less than fifty thousand then—and out of that he'd had to pay all those bills his father had left when he died; and he'd bought a house for his mother in Baltimore.

Say that he'd had something under thirty grand that was his own, in his own pocket, and he'd spent it. His car, for instance. The beautiful black convertible everyone, even passers-by, admired so much—shiny black, a mile long, all chrome. Five Gs for that, but *she* looked wonderful in it, beside him, he at the wheel. And he did still have the car. At least he had that—clear. Nothing else, though, except the bonds, which he would not and could not touch.

But he would have to bid farewell to everything else—and today was the day for that.

Yet, just what was "everything else"? This everything else that, except for his car and his bonds, he was giving up? He rose and he poured his drink this time. He poured it into a tumbler, pondering—and then he did not drink it because he had the answer. *She* was everything else.

There was nothing, really, except Sally. Sally and Ping, the black Pekingese. He'd bought her the dog himself—and regretted it ever since. Probably because he was jealous of her affection for Ping. He was jealous of anything that demanded her affection, but nothing did except Ping; all the rest was for him.

He glanced at his gold-cased wrist watch, swishing the whisky that he had poured into the tumbler. Six on the nose. He took the drink down—then walked down the corridor to the next door. He did not have to knock. Her door was open.

"Come in, Johnny," she said.

She was sitting in front of the vanity combing her hair. She looked at him in the vanity mirror and smiled.

"Hungry?"

"Yes," he said.

He was not hungry. He sat down on the

It's great to be a hero and write a best seller and love a Hollywood star. But it's hard to go back to a bare room on Main Street — alone

edge of the bed and watched her. She was just twenty-one, and the most beautiful girl in films. Her hair was dark and wavy: she resembled Hedy Lamarr a little, and wore her hair like Lamarr. She was so lovely that it actually hurt him now to look at her—and instead he reached over and patted Ping, the Pekingese.

"I'll be ready in just a second, honey."

"Take your time," he said.

He did not know how to analyze his emotions. But he did know that everything was ending—a dream that had started in the skies over Europe, and had come true in Hollywood.

In between all of that there was combat and blood and death. He had lived so hard there was never any time to think—except on those rare days when the fighter planes did not go up, and he'd sit up a whole night through, drinking black coffee and writing his notes: all of the intimate things he felt and saw in the air, in battle, and on the ground. The things he felt at night, and the thoughts he thought, and the conversation of the men he flew with. Writing, those nights, until he was blind with fatigue—but somehow, afterwards, always happy—maybe going out the next day without any sleep at all, just more coffee in him, and somehow managing to bag another German and get another little painted flag on his cockpit.

Then there was the crack-up in France, his injury, and his escape from occupied territory back to England—a hospital there, and finally shipment home. In Boston, in a hotel, he'd put all the pages of notes together, then had them typed. He'd put a title on it then, the now famous I Fly Alone.

A publisher read these pages, the book came out—a thick, stirring saga of battle and courage. It was an immediate best-seller. Hollywood paid a hundred thousand for the picture rights.

The injury to his leg was permanent—even though he was quite capable of walking without a limp. The Army banned him from any further combat duty and assigned him as a flight instructor in California; and while there, on active duty, he could serve as both a technical adviser and liaison man between the Army and the studio in the making of his book into a film.

But the film had been delayed in getting started and all of this had taken more than a year. Now the picture was finished and in the theaters. *Her* picture, which had been shooting at the same time (and that was how he met her, there on the studio lot), had been finished and released too. It was her first picture and she had the lead in it. Overnight now she'd become a star.

"Okay, Johnny, I'm ready."

"Fine," he said.

"Shall we take Ping?"

"No. We'd have to leave her in the car while we ate—and the top is down. Somebody might steal her."

So they left Ping in the room, and the two of them walked out through the patio and past the swimming pool. On the street he helped her into the black convertible. With her beside him in the car they made a handsome couple.

"Darling, you've had a drink!"

"A little one," he said.

He started the car. She was a star, all

He swept her right into his arms.

right. She'd be the biggest of them all one day. She had beauty, talent, fire. And *he*? He was a war celebrity: Major Johnny Lane the ace. Sixteen planes. It was no longer the record, but it *was* sixteen planes. And he was, besides this, Johnny Lane the author—his own name and war record out of the book depicted on the screen by the biggest male box-office actor in Hollywood.

He was famous.

It is lovely to be famous, he thought. It is nice to have this car, and Sally beside me in her frilly black lace peasant-style skirt. Let's see, just how did we happen to come here to Palm Springs?

Oh yes, it was about money. Isn't everything about money? He was running out of money except for the bonds—which he wouldn't touch—he wasn't *that* crazy. But he was running short—and he had foreseen the end weeks before today.

Nights in Hollywood: at the Mocambo, and Charley Foy's, at Ciro's, at La Rue—everywhere where they spent money, and had their pictures snapped by photographers with flashlight cameras—he kept saying to Sally, "I'm running out of money. I need cash. A lot of it. So I'm going to go away somewhere—hole myself up and write a *new* book. I've got an idea for it. It'll be terrific!"

That, of course, was the solution. He would simply write a new book and replenish his diminishing bank account from the profits. Hollywood would buy it, and he would be on velvet once more. It would be another book on flying because that was the subject he knew best.

With his reputation, he told Sally, he would get a good price for the new book; perhaps not a hundred thousand like before; because that was out of this world—that was manna from heaven. But he would get a modest forty thousand perhaps. Yes, at *least* forty thousand.

But to write it, he told her, he would have to go away—cut out all of this night life, get a furlough from the Army—live somewhere meagerly, and sweat the thing out page after page.

There are parts of Main Street that parallel the poorest and dirtiest districts in Los Angeles. "A room on Main Street," he told her. "Three dollars a week. A gas plate to cook coffee on."

HE did not actually mean Main Street. That was a figure of speech, a way of saying that this siege of writing would be tough going. He told Sally that she wouldn't like it. There'd be no people to talk to, no pretty music. Just himself there, working feverishly, night and day. At the very best she would have to just sit by and read.

"Johnny," she'd said, "I'd love it! It would be wonderful! It'd be wonderful to be with you anywhere, honey!"

He had wanted her to say that, because he was terribly in love. He knew he could never go away and write anything unless she was with him; he'd be worried every minute, wondering what she was doing in Hollywood. It was jealousy perhaps, a jealousy she gave him no cause for or right to, but he couldn't help it. He worshiped her, and he could not stand to be away from her.

So they had discussed very eagerly the room on "Main Street," and his proposed book. He had no title for it yet so they simply called it "the forty-thousand-dollar item." They called it that because he had finally, from talking about it, set his mind on that price and said he would not sell it for a cent less. They talked wildly of this project. It was a venture to toast whenever they lifted champagne glasses.

"To the forty-thousand-dollar item!"

"To the room on Main Street where it will be written!"

But the days had passed then, and the weeks, until his going broke was no longer a gay romantic tragedy but grim cold reality. First he was given the news that the Army was going to release him for medical reasons, finally. And he had been offered a job as an air-lines official in the East—for pennies: a hundred dollars a week. They'd both had a good laugh over that.

So it had come to the point where either he had to write the new book and sell it, or it was the end of everything here. And if things did end here, he'd *have* to take that job back East. He realized this, and one night he told her frankly the time had come. They had to get that room on Main Street. He had to get to work, and he was going to have to work damned fast.

They'd settled for Palm Springs. The best hotel. And separate rooms.

"Here we are," he said now.

They were at the Doll's House. It was

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THE DAY THE GENERAL DIED

BY D. L. CHAMPION

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Under his bland mask of imperturbability, the General, too, was mildly surprised.

THE cathedral clock struck ten. The four pallbearers bent to their task. This movement rattled the General's medals inside the coffin, simultaneously parted the coattails of *Señor* José and revealed the tequila bottle nestling in his hip pocket. It was hidden again as the pallbearers straightened up, bringing with them the casket which contained the mortal remains of the General, complete with the two bullet holes in the head.

Beneath the Indian laurels of the columned courtyard, they loaded the coffin on the back of the burro which served doubly as hearse and carrier of floral tribute. *Señor* José snapped his fingers imperiously at the band, and the courtyard was filled with an off-key lilting strain. In accordance with the custom of the community, the General was shuffling off this mortal coil in waltz time.

From the plaza in Taxco to the cemetery is no dignified drive along a paved highway. It is a hot tiresome crawl down one winding mountainside and up another. The burro, which had visited the graveyard more often than a hundred corpses, led the way. The band, well-primed with *pulque*, followed. The strings wished the General bon voyage upon his journey. The trumpets blasted a song of encouragement and hope. The drums beat frantically as if to drown out the voices of the devils who, doubtless, already haggled as to the disposition of the General's soul.

Directly behind the band marched the Mexicans of shoes and substance—which, in reality, is the same thing—and the resident *Americanos*. There came then a handful of curious tourists with condescending airs and Midwest accents. The rear, inevitably, was brought up by a horde of barefoot, sad-eyed children.

The bright sun beat down upon the outside of my straw sombrero while my hangover headache pounded against its interior. I had been aroused at an abnormal hour to attend the funeral of the General,

and now I found myself tramping most reluctantly over three-century-old cobblestones at the side of *la Señora Escritora.* This latter fact joined with my headache to increase my discomfort.

For there was a conspiracy of silence against *la Señora Escritora.* She was the only person in our sweating, untuneful procession who did not know why the General had died. She was unaware that the General had laid down his life for truth—and, in a manner of speaking, for her.

To die that the truth may live is a noble thing. And the General, whose life heretofore had been marked by no milestone of epic deed, had done even better than that. He had died in order to convert a braggart lie into brave reality.

But *la Señora Escritora* knew nothing of all this. I cast a sidelong glance at her as we reached the foot of one mountain, marched a short fifty yards, and proceeded to climb from the foot of another. There was perspiration on *la Señora Escritora's* upper lip, a faraway look in her eyes.

She was not, I reflected, mourning the General. Rather, she was planning how to get the scene on paper with a view to selling it to one of those expensive magazines that regale their readers with quaint customs from foreign lands.

But then, of course, who could blame her? She did not understand the psychological subtleties of the General's violent demise. She believed that he was dead because he was a brave man; a patriot who in the natural order of things was on the side of the Good, the Righteous, the Noble, and the True.

Nothing had been further removed from the facts.

NOW that he is dead there is no need for me to delve into the murkier side of the General's character. Suffice to say that he was a phony, a coward, and a cheat. It was quite true that the blood of the hidalgos, the chromosomes of a score of ragged gallant soldiers, coursed copiously through his veins. Yet somewhere the laws of heredity had slipped up. The General was a repository of all the vices of his ancestors.

He had inherited the braggart garrulity of the conquistadors but none of their purposeful courage. He was possessed of the Aztec's cruelty but owned none of the Indian's stoicism when cruelty was visited upon him. From his more modern forefathers--those gallant tatterdemalions who rode the hills with Zapata—he had acquired the gift of a rodomontade and lying tongue, but had been gifted with none of the reckless and magnificent idealism which impelled his ancestors to die, a rattling *"Viva la revolución"* issuing from their bloody throats.

All of us in Taxco, from the lowliest charcoal burner to the powerful waterpower man (who, if he disapproved of your morals or the intonation with which you bade him *buenos días,* could, with a single turn of his huge and archaic key, deprive you of your water supply beyond all appeal) knew the General for what he was.

It was long since that his Munchausen epics had earned their keep in free drinks at Paco's bar. Even in the beginning his sagas had sounded wholly unbelievable. Positive evidence of this came later when we all saw the self-styled hero flinch from a score of quarrels he himself had instigated, quail before a smaller man who challenged him, apologize like a floorwalker when someone took exception to an arrogant insult, and flee when the apology availed him no armistice.

Moreover there was the matter of the missing watches, cameras, and other goods of value. Their disappearance invariably coincided with a visit of the General's.

There was no heroism in him; no courage and no truth. Nothing save a gleaming row of medals, purloined or purchased, on his breast, a set of marvelous even and lying teeth, and a vast quantity of the blackest mendacity.

This, as I say, we all knew. There was not a dog in Taxco that trusted the General, not a human ear which believed him.

Then, upon a soft crepuscular evening as the setting sun soldered the mountain peaks with brass, he met *la Señora Escritora.*

The real name of *la Señora Escritora* is well-known to all semiliterate readers and radio listeners. She writes a pontifical newspaper column and her typewriter clatters out reams of fiction for the magazines. She reckons herself a serious thinker, and it has been said that blood stains each brassiere she owns, a result of her incessant breast beating over the chaotic affairs of the world.

On the first night I saw her, however, none of these things was evident. I saw a middle-aged woman wearing a trifle too much make-up and far too much silver ornament which the shrewd smiths of Taxco had unloaded upon her. Her face was full, as were her lips; and despite her reputation as an imperative voice which hammered at the political ears of the world, she seemed to me rather gullible.

She was drinking tequila with grim resolve and listening to the General. I sat at the table next to them and eavesdropped shamelessly. The General was approaching the denouement of a tale replete with peril and chivalry.

"So," he said in a delivery that was a cross between that of Milton Cross and Leo Carrillo, "I step out in front of my men. I say to the chief of the bandits, 'Pepe, we are caballeros. Why should we risk the lives of our men in a personal quarrel? You and I will fight. To the death. With *cuchillos.*'"

He paused and downed the tequila which *la Señora Escritora* had bought him. She stared at him, fascinated.

"Cuchillos?" she said. "Those are knives, aren't they? Little daggers?"

"Daggers?" echoed the General, his laugh nicely balanced between tolerance and mockery. "These were machetes."

He paused again and looked with hinting wistfulness at his empty glass. *La Señora Escritora* summoned the waiter.

"Gracias," said the General, and continued. "Pepe hesitates. He shake his head. He says to me, 'General, this is unfair. Nowhere in Mexico is there a man as brave as you. Nowhere is there an hombre more skillful with a weapon. It is not fair I fight you alone.'"

The General warmed his larynx with more tequila.

"I consider the situation," he said. "Then I nod. I say, 'Pepe, you are right. I am the caballero. I will fight fair. I will fight two of you at once. You, Pepe, and your lieutenant.'"

At this juncture *la Señora Escritora* looked positively fatuous. "And you fought them both at once? With machetes?"

The General's nod was almost a bow. "For seven hours and twenty-three minutes. Blood stained my coat and my blade but I fight on. By dawn both were dead. Their band surrendered to me."

"But weren't you afraid?"

"Right was on my side," said the General simply. "Virtue gave me strength. Shall we refill our glasses?"

"Take your guns from your holsters and drop them on the floor," Morelos said to the policemen. "If anyone tries to prevent me from leaving, I shall kill him."

My gaze, along with that of everyone else, was turned in the direction of the General's table. We shared a common astonishment. This emotion was not engendered by the General's implausible anecdote. We had heard that often enough. It was *la Señora Escritora's* reception of it which stunned us.

She believed him!

Observing the General closely I noted that he, too, under his bland mask of imperturbability, was mildly surprised. No one had ever before credited him, and he was well aware of it. He knew that he was no longer even considered a mere liar. He had degenerated from that to a tawdry spinner of tall tales.

Later, when the General, loaded with *la Señora Escritora's* liquor, had departed to sleep it off in the burrow at the foot of Vera Cruz Street which he called home, no one told *la Señora Escritora* of his reputation. And after that it became more difficult to do so. (*Continued on page 59*)

The General sat in Paco's bar and spun his lies of great heroism. The lady listened with wide eyes. It is a sad thing a spy chose that night in Paco's to make his last fight

T-DAY

Now we're manufacturing bazookas, tomorrow it will be irons. The Army hopes to make the change as swift and painless as possible.

The Army's plans for swift handling of contract termination and reconversion will help cushion the shock to employment when war work ends

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL D. N. HAUSEMAN

Director of Readjustment, Army Service Forces

as told to DOUG DISBROW

WHEN World War I came to an end, our government had no plan for a quick adjustment to civilian production. In fact, three weeks before the armistice the War Department still lacked a set plan for the termination of war contracts. One day agents were busily trying to place new contracts; the next, they were rushing about to end old ones. The effect of this unpreparedness and confusion on business and employment is too well remembered.

Today the Readjustment Division of the Army Service Forces has a comprehensive plan for contract termination. It is designed to hasten the transition from war work to peace work and cushion the shock for the man who has to get three squares a day for his family. Since April, 1942, 29,000 contracts have been closed, and the Division feels it has proved that its program will work if industry is foresighted enough to co-operate.

The War Department is prepared to settle terminated contracts and dispose of property in a rapid and efficient manner whether the war in Europe ends over a relatively short period or in a succession of V Days.

James F. Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization, recently stated that there would be a large reduction in war production with the end of hostilities in Europe. More than 30,000 business men and individuals with business experience are being trained to take over settlement matters. The same persons who made the original contracts as procurement agents form the nucleus of this big corps of terminators.

On V-E Day these 30,000 agents, trained to operate in more than fifty field districts throughout the country, notify the thousands of war-production factories that their work must stop immediately. Then each of the prime contractors must notify his subcontractors and suppliers—one firm engages 7,000 of them—of the stop-work order.

But that's only the beginning for the field workers. The Readjustment Division in Washington dictates the policies and provides staff supervision, but the field personnel of the seven Technical Services, Ordnance, Engineers, Quartermaster, Chemical Warfare, Medical Department, Transportation Corps, and Signal Corps, actually settles the contracts. When each contract is closed, the contractor receives equitable pay for the work completed, work in process, materials on hand, and for assemblies obtained from subcontractors and suppliers.

Obviously, this can be slow and tedious work. The claims have to be negotiated. What happens in the meantime? Many of these firms, expanded beyond any previous hope, will need money at once to carry on and tide them over until they have been reconverted. For many, prompt payments can mean the difference between survival and failure.

To meet this situation, the Office of Contract Settlement has established a system of interim financing and advance payments. As soon as a prime contractor is notified of termination he can receive a U. S. government check at once for 90 per cent of any estimated work completed or in process on which he files.

Further, through the supervision of the field personnel, the contractors are directed to assure the subcontractors of their partial payments when they want them. Also, the contractors may secure government-guaranteed loans from commercial banks.

Sounds good. Yet there will undoubtedly be complaints. Labor will protest that it has been left without a job to do. Industrialists will complain that they have been put out of business with no funds to carry on. Breadwinners will demand to know how long it will be before they can start winning bread again.

Unfortunately, the contractors who have failed to file claims for work done as completed will be largely responsible for the embarrassment to themselves and to labor. It is true that many have put in their claims promptly—and have been paid promptly. But many others are months behind in their claims. At the present time the War Department is ready to pay between $600,000,000 and $700,000,000 on contracts, but it cannot if the claims have not been submitted.

In this connection the War Department has reduced the time required to settle claims fully, after filing, to about 2.4 months.

Yet the time it takes contractors to prepare and file their claims has increased from about 2.6 months in January of this year to 2.9 months in July.

This is one of the War Department's chief problems. Unless the contractors learn to

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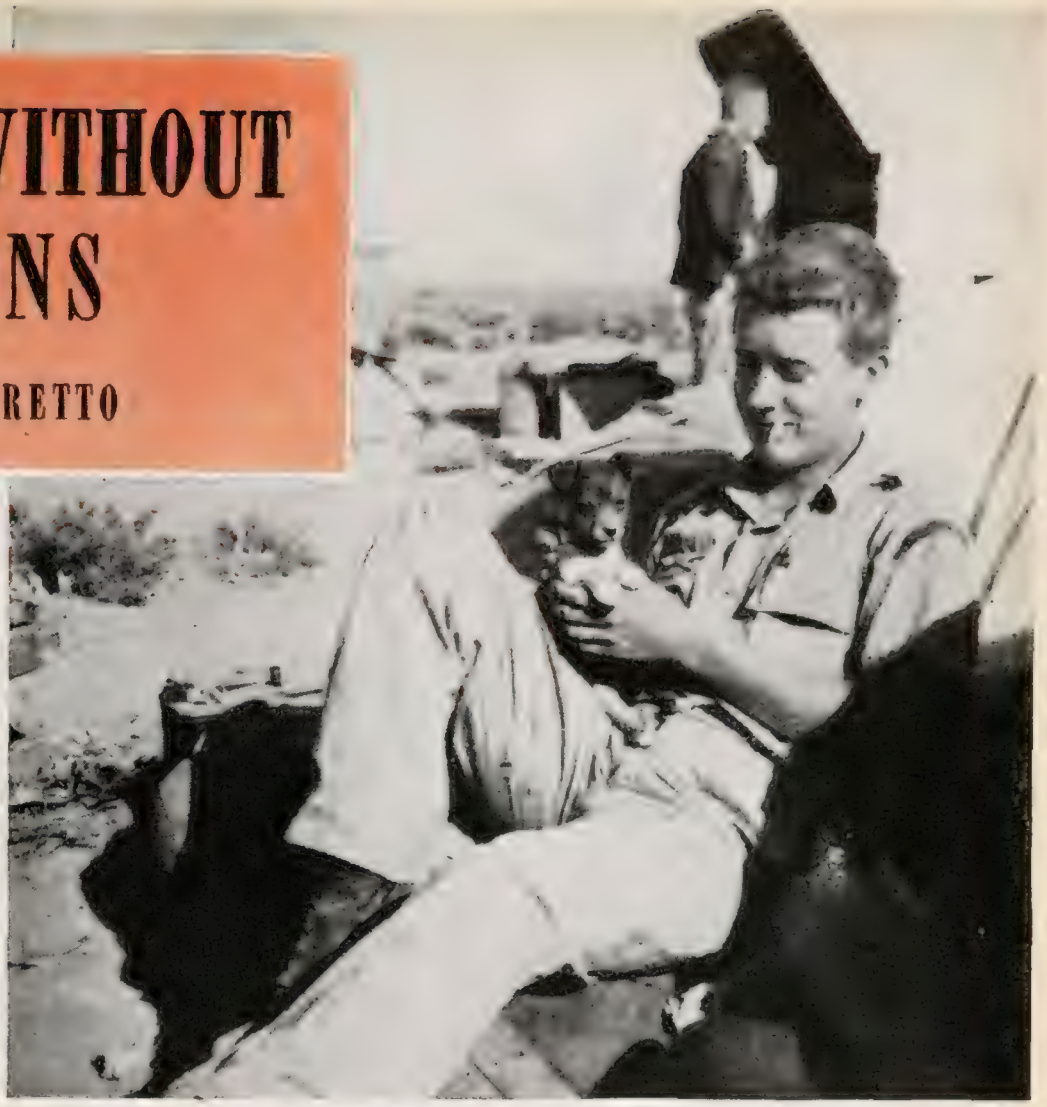
WARRIORS WITHOUT WEAPONS

BY LARRY BARRETTO



Neil Gilliam of the A. F. S., who inspired the Gurkhas to stand and win on Gibraltar Hill.

Neil Gilliam of the American Field Service was there to save, not fight—but at Imphal, under Jap fire, his courage inspired the Gurkhas to stand and win

THIS is the story of Neil Gilliam of the American Field Service, recorded before legend has obscured the facts. It is told not so much for the action involved, but because it had a determining influence on the Japanese drive against India. That makes it rare.

One has to explain the American Field Service in order to explain Neil Gilliam. The service gave Gilliam his opportunity, and without men like Gilliam the service could not exist. The organization was born in 1914, at about the time Gallieni's army of taxicabs was driving von Kluck's hordes back from Paris. But the men in the service drove ambulances and they were American volunteers living in Paris at the time. Many joined from America, until our entry into World War I, when the Army absorbed the service. Between wars it became a veterans' organization.

Then at the outbreak of this war, it was calling for volunteers again, before the country as a whole recognized its peril. It had served with the French. Now it was serving with the British. The men were still volunteers, exempt from the draft for certain physical reasons. They still received subsistence but no pay, except for a small monthly stipend. And because the men were technically civilians in uniform, subject to the scrutiny of the armies to which they were attached, they had to be good.

This story concerns the India theater. The Japanese offensive, begun in March of this year, had a dual purpose, primarily to forestall a British offensive in the making, and, as a subsidiary objective, to cut General Stilwell's supply lines in the north. It succeeded in its first objective. By May it had driven the British back about 160 miles, to Bishenpur. On the road where one section of the American Field Service ambulances was working it drove them back to Shenam. Shenam is the last range of the very high hills before the plain of Imphal. If the Japs could take and hold it, they would dominate the air strip at Palel, and Imphal itself would be lost. It could hardly be otherwise on a downward march.

The great Jap bid for this range began on the afternoon of May 10, and it concentrated on taking the highest peak, called Gibraltar. If Gibraltar fell, all the lower hills in British hands—Malta, Pyramid, Scraggy, Pimple—would become untenable and Imphal would lie wide open to attack. The action began with an intense Jap artillery barrage, directed mostly at Gibraltar.

Neil Gilliam had been stationed at his jeep post on the road below Malta when the show started, and he decided to drive to Gibraltar. In this theater the Field Service had to evacuate the wounded in jeeps from advanced positions because of the wretched roads. Farther back, at staging posts, the wounded were transferred to regular ambulances to be taken to the rear.

When he reached the foot of Gibraltar, Gilliam left his car and started up the hill to learn what the situation was in regard to the wounded. The hill rises at an incredibly steep angle, the worst parts of its trails terraced by bamboo paths.

Gilliam had enlisted in the Field Service from his home in Washington, D. C., in November, 1941, and already had seen service in Africa with the Eighth Army under Montgomery at Bir Hacheim, El Alamein, and other places. Now he was in India, and was all of twenty years old. He has yellow hair, blue eyes, and a very fair skin. These last seemingly irrelevant facts are important.

On the crest of Gibraltar Neil found work to do. The hill was held by a detachment of Rajputana Rifles with two British officers in command. But there was no medical officer there, and already the wounded were being brought in from advanced positions. With the permission of the ranking officer, Neil decided to stay.

The Field Service man established a first-aid post in a dugout which had once been the kitchen of a mortar company of the Royal Artillery and ordered the wounded brought there. They had to have some shelter from the barrage, which was rising now to withering proportions, while their wounds were dressed. All Field Service men have some knowledge of first aid, but it is not primarily their work. Gilliam took it on, however, and his jeep at the bottom of the hill was forgotten.

AT 9 P. M. the Japs started attacking the summit in a driving rain, struggling upward over steep terrain, clawing their way through the blasted scrub, wriggling forward on their bellies while they took advantage of every stone. They needed them. The Rajputanas above stopped them again and again, but they suffered heavy losses while doing it. The Jap artillery on neighboring hills was raking them.

Neil Gilliam's work was hampered. There was not adequate room in the field kitchen for the wounded and a good deal of time had to be spent in slit trenches. Not to do so was to court death. The wounded occasionally found it where they lay. Neil was at one time in a slit trench with one of the British officers, discussing the situation, which looked increasingly bad. After a few minutes' conversation, the latter stepped out to go about his duties. Neil called one more question after the man. The officer never answered it. At that in-

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"I did not steal it," the prisoner said. "It was given to me—by a stranger." And for the next hour that was all they could get from him.

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOGE

BY BURNET HERSHEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY CROTHERS

ONE incident of the liberation of Florence probably will never be recorded in history books, but it should be. Sly old Machiavelli would have delighted in the fate that overtook the last Nazi in his city, and sardonic Boccaccio would have leered gloatingly at the ridiculous combination of a lordly Venetian doge, a thick sausage, and a bedraggled German prisoner, all brought together through the very modern medium of a typical G. I. sergeant, Jed Hansen of Minnesota.

The outcome astonished even Jed, who at twenty-five had begun to think he'd never be surprised again after all he'd seen, fighting his way from North Africa through Sicily and up the peninsula of Italy. Of course, he hadn't been surprised to find this German skulking behind some debris in the cellars of the old Hotel Bolzoni. That was just routine. Even the long sausage, still in its canvas wrappings, that the German clutched to his chest was nothing to get excited over. Maybe it was looted food, maybe not. That was up to the provost marshal to decide. All Jed had to do was take the fellow back to headquarters in the jeep, and then, with luck, get some hot coffee before he was assigned another old ruin to look through.

In a way, Jed was disappointed. There'd been a lot of briefing on the art treasures in Florence and how the Jerries must be prevented from stealing them or from blowing up historically important buildings. Every M. P. had a map of the city with the places to be safeguarded marked on it. Jed had thought he might round up a gang setting fire to the Pitti or the Uffizi—or something. Instead, all he had was this terrified Heinie clutching a sausage. Well, Jed concluded, that was war for you.

The worst of it was, he had to take this bird back to P. M. Headquarters. That meant half a day lost jeeping him the ten miles and then coming back. By that time there wouldn't be much chance of bagging any really important stragglers. But war's war, and Jed pushed his prisoner into the jeep, after a careful examination for any concealed weapons. From the moment of capture there hadn't been a single word out of the German, so Jed was surprised when the prisoner asked in good English:

"Where are you taking me?"

"So you can talk—and English, too!" Jed exclaimed.

"A little," answered the prisoner, and repeated, "Where are you taking me?"

"Back across the river," Jed told him. "The P. M.'ll look into your case and see what you've been up to. Any objections?"

"Oh, no objections! On the contrary," said the strange little figure in a soft voice that was almost like a whisper. "I am very happy to become captive to the Americans. It is known how kind they are to prisoners of war." Jed turned to stare at him. There wasn't any answer to that in Army Regulations.

There was silence as the jeep headed south across the Arno on a pontoon bridge which replaced the old wrecked railway viaduct from the cavalry barracks near the Necca Vecchia to the Piazzale Michelangelo. As they went along the Via Galileo and out on the Siena road, Jed handed his charge a cigarette and asked:

"Say, have you had any breakfast?"

"Not since two days," was the calm answer.

Jed looked at him with amazement. "You mean you been lugging that hunk of baloney around for two days without eating? What's the matter with you? You crazy?"

He pulled the jeep close to a building and stopped it. "Gimme that thing," he demanded, reaching for the sausage. "Maybe it'd be politer if I let you serve it, but

I'm not trusting you with a knife—and there's no sense—"

"No!" interrupted the prisoner in an agonized tone, as he hugged the sausage more closely to his chest. "No!"

"But yeah," said Jed firmly. "Don't you know I could shoot you, with no questions asked, for running around with stolen property—particularly food? So this's really a favor. We eat the baloney, and where's the evidence?" He grabbed the long roll and, aside from a final gasp, the prisoner made no resistance. Only his enormous eyes gave sign of his suffering.

Keeping his own eye on the prisoner, Jed made quick work of unwrapping the sausage. Slitting the heavy cord knotted about the roll, he slipped the long cylinder out of the canvas, which he was about to toss into the street when a glint of color on the inside of the cover tempted him to smooth it out for examination.

THAT was when Jed got the biggest shock of his military career. Forgetting all about the anticipated breakfast, he slammed the jeep into gear and, turning a grim eye on his now terrified companion, barked, "Wait till the P. M. sees this! Baloney, huhn? And I nearly fell for it!"

Small wonder that he lost no time in pushing the jeep to top speed. For the inside of the sausage cover had revealed the painted likeness of an antique potentate—a doge of Venice, though Jed wouldn't recognize that. What he did recognize was the obvious fact that here was Art, probably a masterpiece looted from a famous gallery! Just what Jed had hoped for.

Lieutenant Tom Salvati, A. U. S., on duty at Provost Marshal Headquarters, took quick charge of the case. He was a polyglot who could think and talk in five languages almost simultaneously. Likewise he had been thoroughly schooled in the probability that art treasures might be discovered in unlikely places, where looting Germans had hidden them in the hope of later recovery. Certain of the world-famous paintings and sculptures had been listed, but after one glance at the doge, Salvati shook his head: this canvas was not on the list.

However, that meant little, and the first thing to do, obviously, was to determine the identity of the picture and of its lawful owner.

"I want all the art dealers left in Florence rounded up and brought here within an hour," he directed the orderly. "Meanwhile I'll try to get something out of this man.

"Where did you steal this painting?" he demanded in German.

The prisoner chose to answer in English: "I did not steal it, *Herr Oberleutnant*. It was given to me—by a stranger." And for the next hour that was all they could get from him.

Finally Salvati demanded, "But what were you supposed to do with it? This mysterious stranger certainly didn't just hand it to you and say, 'Here's a fortune.' Now, what were you—"

The German's wistful face broke into the faint dawn of a happy smile. "I am safe here now, not? I shall be sent to America? It is true this painting was a payment, given me by an Italian whom I helped to escape from Florence into Naples after your troops had been landed. As I was on duty with the German military control of civilians—"

"He means the Gestapo," interrupted Jed.

"I know he does," said Salvati. "Never mind. Let him go on."

"So," continued the prisoner, "I could obtain for him certain signatures and stamps needed for a passport out of Florence, and in return he gave me this, and then he told me the name of an art dealer in New York who would be very glad to pay me for it after I had been comfortably placed in a so luxurious prison camp in your great country."

"Don't he make you sick at your stomach, lieutenant?" asked Jed.

"Let him go on," Salvati said coolly.

"That is all," concluded the prisoner.

"Not quite," stated Salvati. "We'll need the name of the dealer. That'll help break up the ring they're trying to form for underground traffic in stolen art objects."

THE noise of jeeps and command cars announced that the round-up of art dealers was outside, and a frightened group of experts was soon herded into the room. Swiftly, smoothly, Lieutenant Salvati explained the reason for their having been brought so hastily and with so little ceremony.

Reassured, each of the ten experts strove to reassume his best professional air of dignified all-knowingness.

"Ah," exclaimed the first to recover, after a glance at the picture, "Raphael!"

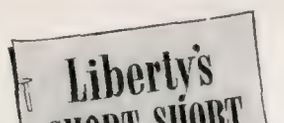
"Pardon," interrupted a second. "Don't you see, dear Cavaliere, it's Sustermann's Cardinal from the Palazzo Corsini?"

"May I point out," put in a gaunt member who had been squinting steadily from the rear of the group, "that this is a Venetian doge, not a cardinal, and that the flesh tones are unmistakably Titian's—even without examination!"

"Nonsense!" said a fourth. "That cap is of the later period of the republic. Titian had been dead two hundred years—"

Salvati interrupted, almost having to shout: "What I want to know is whether any of you recognize this picture."

Sudden silence fell. It was evident that



Sergeant Hansen's prisoner clutched a sausage. Inside it was a picture. Under the picture—but it took infrared light to reveal that

none recognized it. Equally evident was the fact that none would risk reputation by saying so. After all, it might be a hitherto unknown masterpiece dredged up by the tide of war.

Only the Nazi prisoner seemed amused by the all-around perplexity. He even grinned a little, as if he knew something the others didn't know.

The experts crowded around the desk for a closer view. They peered; they squinted; they held their heads on one side, then on the other. But it seemed useless. However, after a prolonged survey with a magnifying glass screwed into his eye socket, the gaunt expert announced:

"It is my belief that this is not *the* important picture. This is merely camouflage. The real masterpiece is *underneath!*"

Salvati quickly overturned any hope of delay. "In that case, you'd better scrape it and find out, hadn't you?"

The Nazi jumped to his feet. "I'll tell you everything," he blurted, addressing the lieutenant. "It's true—the real picture is underneath. The man I took it from told me I'd never get it to America unless I covered it—it's a famous masterpiece, worth millions of lire."

"Who did the camouflage job?" demanded the lieutenant. The Nazi replied readily:

"The man I liberated—he is an artist."

Condescendingly it was explained by several of the dealers that scraping might do irreparable damage—it might even fail to disclose the underpainting. In any case, it was not the proper method. Modern technique required photographing such a canvas with infra-red cameras—an impossibility, since the Germans had removed all such machines.

"Luckily," Salvati said, smiling, "the Intelligence Section has an infra-red machine right in the next room. It is used in examining suspected documents—and other things. So, if these gentlemen would kindly supervise the operation, it could be very speedily concluded, and they would be free to go—after the identity and ownership of the picture had been determined and attested to by them."

The atmosphere in the Intelligence darkroom was stifling. Added to the stuffiness of the little chamber itself, its doors and windows curtained, a generator was chugging away in the corner, and the tubes contributed their heat to that of some fifteen tensely curious bodies. Actually, there was nothing for anyone to see until after the film should be developed. Nevertheless they all stood there, intent, while the tubes crackled and the technician changed film packs, and then they filed out to await the short process of development. No one ventured any remarks. Lieutenant Salvati thoughtfully provided cigarettes, even the prisoner coming in for one. They smoked and waited.

FINALLY the door opened and the technician came in, holding a film by one corner. It was still dripping from the bath. Salvati stepped over in response to his gesture, and there was a brief whispered conversation, accompanied by a careful scrutiny of the film which Salvati held toward the open window. Only the sound of heavy breathing could be heard in the room.

Then Salvati turned.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "I am going to show this first to the man who bartered this picture for the life of one of your countrymen. I feel that he should know just what it was he was attempting to smuggle out of Italy."

The German crept over to stare at the film. He gulped. "*Mein Gott!*" he whispered, and then burst into tears.

"Never mind. We won't shoot you," encouraged Salvati. "Now, gentlemen," he invited, holding the film against the light so they could see it.

First one gasped, then another, and then they were all laughing until the tears rolled down their cheeks.

For on the film, clearly seen through the shadowy outlines of the doge's figure, was a far more familiar face—the face of a recent doge—an ignoble Roman, his head crowned by a laurel wreath.

"*Il doppo!*" cried one of the art dealers. "See, it is inscribed, '*Il doppo del vingte sieculo—*'"

"If that means a dope," said Jed Hansen, pointing to the German, "I nominate the Heinie who swapped it for a live Florentine."

"No, sergeant—it means The Leader of the Twentieth Century," explained the gaunt dealer. "It is a portrait of the former Duce, Benito Mussolini."

THE END

Given the tools, France will work to rebuild. Laborers repair streets in Cherbourg.

The Blueprint for French Reconstruction

BY FRANCES V. BISHOP

France can come back, but it will take energetic effort plus help from us. The help will be paid for in cash. Here's a report on the French situation and plans

IN conference rooms in Washington men are working day and night on plans for the physical and economic reconstruction of France. Speed is the watchword, for the sooner France gets back on her feet, the quicker she will become a more competent ally.

The enormous task of economic reconstruction, incredible as it may seem, has been considerably simplified by a survey made within France itself during the darkest hours of occupation.

An American official just returned from Paris tells the astonishing story. Before Allied troops had set foot in Italy, and while prospects for an invasion across the Channel seemed extremely remote, some twenty-five industrialists got together in Paris and began the study of what France would need after the war.

This group represented almost every large industry in France. Their chairman was Jean Delorme, president of the Office of Industrial Supply Rationing under Vichy. One of their members was Jean Lepercq, now Minister of Finance in the French provisional government. These business men traveled throughout France to estimate the damage done by the war and by sabotage. They received secret information from liaison men in different French departments, and regularly relayed reports to Algiers.

In May of this year a book 250 pages long was completed. Its survey of French industry included an estimate of machinery and raw materials needed, the countries from which they were imported before the war and in what amounts they could be furnished. In June, the book was ready for the press. A limited number of copies were secretly printed and actually bound in Paris.

When ministries of the provisional government arrived in Paris, the book was handed to them.

"This is what France needs," said Delorme.

"This story," remarked the American official, "is indicative of the revival which went on within France during the dark hours, and is typical of the spirit which warrants so much hope for a bright future."

Before the war France imported about one and a half billion dollars' worth of goods a year. Reconstruction blueprints call for the purchase of a still larger amount. Much of this money will be spent in the United States, where machine tools, locomotives, and trucks can be produced in mass quantities.

And who will foot the bill? At this writing there is no agreement for lend-lease to metropolitan France, but France is prepared to pay cash. Although she has been under the Nazi heel for four years, she possesses two billion dollars in gold today. Three quarters of that was shipped to Dakar when Marshal Petain signed the armistice with Germany, and one quarter is in the United States.

The French provisional government's program covers roughly a period of one year—except for certain products which take longer to manufacture—but it contemplates the arrival of urgently needed products on French shores before the end of that year.

Naturally the plans call for the purchase of basic materials, such as leather and textiles, to clothe a people left ragged by the war. Many French mills stopped work-

(*Continued on page 61*)

The Final Mission—READJUSTMENT

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

Here's what happens to fliers who complete their combat duty and how the deep gap between the fury of battle and the tranquillity of the home front is bridged

A PROGRAM has recently been put into operation by the Army Air Forces for orienting Americans to serve in America. They are not foreign-born; they originated here. They haven't been away so long, as a lifetime goes. Something over two years is a maximum.

They are young American airmen, officers and enlisted men with twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, or more missions behind them, being returned to the United States on the rotation system. They come bearing the prestige of great bravery and great experience. They are eager to be of further service to their country. But they face the tremendous problem of "decompression"—of achieving some sort of bridge between the fury of battle and the everyday life of the home front.

They must not be confused with the casualties home for treatment, rehabilitation, and perhaps discharge, or with the officers who may be in and out of the country a dozen times a year on special missions. The men with whom the Air Forces' special new program—known as the AAF Personnel Distribution Command—is concerned are Army airmen who will continue to be Army airmen, though perhaps not in combat. Air Forces call them returnees.

To understand the problem better, let us look at a typical example—a young American airman back from overseas. In his late teens or early twenties normal life of American youth stopped for him. Perhaps he was in his second year of college, or a happy-go-lucky youth with little thought beyond his first job and his girl. Almost overnight he was transformed into a specialist in the most modern form of warfare. In the course of a terrific training program which washed out nearly half his buddies, he became a topnotcher in his line, whether as a fighter pilot or as a Fortress bombardier. Then he went overseas. He bombed Ploesti one soul-searing day, or he cut the Japanese to pieces week after week in the Solomons or New Guinea, or he sweated out mission after mission over Berlin, pounding through flak and rocket fire so intense that it seemed impossible that he could survive another trip, let alone thirty of them.

S/Sgt. Bob King had his wife with him during his "decompression" period. So may any man under the plan.

Up to a hotel room that cost civilians $10 a day goes T/Sgt. Ken Boulier, Army Air Force returnee.

He fought fogs and sandstorms and incredible cold and he brought one of the toughest air forces in the world to its knees. On his chest is a double row—sometimes more—of combat ribbons and decorations. They mean, in a sense, that he is living on borrowed time. He saw his best friends die and himself survive. He lived sweating, stomach-quaking, angry, exalted hours. His has been an uncompromised existence, without any of the checks and balances of normal youth.

Now suddenly he is back, wise in battle but narrowed by specialization—his job, his plane, his theater of combat. He faces a violent readjustment, and he is suffering from operational fatigue. He is not a psychopath. He is not a problem child. He is a very able but a very tired man, irritable, nervous, and considerably mixed up. The problem, then, exists, and there are two reasons why it must be solved. One is that these airmen must be reoriented for their own salvation: the other is that their exceptional skill and long combat experience are of priceless worth in winning the war more quickly and with fewer lives lost.

To solve this problem, the Air Forces have set up an outstanding organization known as the Redistribution Stations, to take the place of the old system under which the first superheated enthusiasm of a furlough with the home folks was followed by an endless sitting around at post after post, waiting for orders to be issued by a bureau in Washington which had never seen the airman—orders which frequently resulted in no work or the wrong kind of work, and actually produced nervous breakdowns in men who had (*Continued on page 72*)

NORTHEAST PASSAGE

To spot a channel for ships, Ensign Rolfe flew over Arctic waters and Mary Brooks flew with him. Love rode the plane, too—but with Wrangel 75 miles away there was gas for only 40

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

ENSIGN JOHN ROLFE banked his little seaplane and looked anxiously at the ice floes a thousand feet below. Against the glistening whiteness of the polar ice a lane of open water was an irregular dark ribbon. That channel was a highway through the arctic pack for a convoy of freighters led by the United States Coast Guard icebreaker Mackinac.

And that channel of open water now was narrowing, and pinching shut.

"Rolfe, calling the Mackinac," he said into his radio mike. "The lead closes up tight some thirty miles ahead. I request permission to return."

It was granted, and he banked the little plane into a turn.

His passenger pointed northward.

"John, shouldn't you report *that?*"

A vast wall of fog was moving southward over the ice pack.

John Rolfe glanced at it. Over his lean young face stirred a faint backlash of the wild dismay within him. *Of course* I should report that! But I'm not going to. *I don't dare!*

For he knew what Commander Ames' orders would be: "John, you've *got* to find an open lead before that fog clamps down. Scout into the north and west as far as you can while you've still got visibility!"

If he were alone he'd consider it routine. But he had a passenger with him. To continue searching would mean that they would be caught by the fog before they got back to the icebreaker. They would have to bail out. And if they ran out of gas before finding the Mackinac, they'd have to come down on the polar ice where no help could reach them. If he were alone—

But he wasn't alone. Mary Brooks was with him.

And I'm not taking Mary into that kind of a jam!

His shoulders hunched inside his flying suit as if his decision were a thing of heavy weight. Deliberately he finished his turn eastward, and leveled off toward the Mackinac.

Not tools of war but tools of peace made up the cargo of the six freighters following in single file behind the icebreaker. They were headed for Siberian ports. The Russians were desperate for equipment to house and feed their many millions left homeless and hungry by war. From stocks on hand in Frisco and Portland and Seattle these freighters had loaded up; then sailed north through the Aleutian chain into the Bering Sea and on into the Arctic Ocean. Westward, then, around the top of Asia they started, toward the mouths of the great Siberian rivers. Formerly, lease-lend equipment had traveled this Northeast Passage. Now it was gang plows and harvest combines, tractors and bulldozers and sawmills, all bought and paid for, that would be carried up those rivers by the various freighters—to Yakutsk, to Igarka, to Krasnoyarsk and Tomsk on the Trans-Siberian Railway, moving in a single haul that would require no costly trans-shipping, straight to the milling and farming centers of the remote interior.

But as the convoy turned west into the eastern Siberian sea, it had run into a southerly drift of the great arctic ice pack.

Radio advice from *Glavsevmorput*—the Russian Northern Sea Route Administration, whose planes and meteorological stations formed a network of intelligence across the roof of Asia—had guided the Mackinac into a route through the ice pack, and the convoy had made progress. Now this lead was pinching out. And, John Rolfe was realizing, unless passage could be broken through the ice into another open channel, the ships would lose precious days of travel and risk being frozen into the pack by the swift polar winter.

HE deftly landed the plane in the channel behind the Mackinac. Crewmen made a line secure to the pontooned grasshopper plane and it was lifted by crane to the deck of the icebreaker.

John leaped to the deck, handling his big body with supple ease. He reached up and lifted Mary down lightly.

"It was a grand ride, John. You were a darling to take me."

He was taut-nerved with urgency, but he made himself grin at her. Mary Brooks was easy to smile at. She had shining dark hair, blue eyes, and a shapely figure. She was aboard the Mackinac as a civil service employee of the Treasury Department, as an interpreter. Her father had been a career diplomatist, and she had lived part of her school years in Moscow and spoke fluent Russian.

"Thank the skipper for letting you go along," he told her.

"I will!" She smiled past him. Commander Ames approached.

"You're back in a hurry, John. Find any open leads?"

John flushed guiltily.

"No, sir. But I'm going out again."

"No rush, lad. Get some hot food."

John dared not delay.

"Sir, there's fog coming up."

"Fog? You didn't report it!"

"No, sir."

Ames stared, his face becoming stern.

"Come along!" he ordered. And in his cabin he said, "Let me get this straight. You saw fog coming in, but you didn't report it by radio. Why in blazes didn't you?"

John was too candid and forthright to gloss over his action.

"Sir, if I had reported fog, you would have ordered me to keep scouting for an open channel as long as any visibility was left. I had Mary Brooks along, and I was afraid of getting lost in the fog on our return trip. It might have meant a crack-up, or bailing out onto the ice, and I—I didn't want Mary to risk it."

"But, Lord'l'mighty, man!" Ames exclaimed. "You want to see this convoy hung up in the ice all winter? And two or three freighters with their sides stove in so that they'll sink?"

"I'm sorry, sir. Let me take off again at once."

John's gray eyes were heartsick with self-blame. The skipper saw it and looked away, rubbing his jaw in dismay.

"You didn't disobey orders, exactly," he murmured, "but you sure let me down!"

"Let me take off right away, sir."

"But by now half the territory you could have scouted is already covered by fog!" Ames threw up his hands in defeat. "I shouldn't have permitted the girl to fly with you. *Women!*" he snorted. "All right, get going, lad."

John saluted and hurried out.

Afloat again, he gunned the tiny seaplane swiftly into the air. But as he climbed westward his consternation grew.

Already the fog was in sight of the ship, covering the ice to the northwest.

Stubbornly he flew on, lifting to fly over that rolling continent of mist. Maybe he'd find holes in it through which he could search the ice pack below.

But he found no holes. None at all.

He nosed down into the fog bank, flying "by the seat of his pants" and straining to see ahead. It was no use. And realizing that he might dive right into the ice he pulled up, defeat an acid taste in his throat.

"Mackinac, to Ensign Rolfe," his radio spoke. And when he acknowledged: "Fog nearing Mackinac. Return at once to land before visibility gone. Orders, sir."

BUT still he delayed, searching. And when finally he turned back, when finally he neared the convoy, gusts of fog were already swirling about the vessels; and white vapor obscured the channel as he glided in for his landing.

He got his pontoons down on the water, and the plane bucked as it lost momentum; and then a swirl of fog blotted out all vision and his floats scraped the edge of the channel, twisting the plane sideways into the ice. The plane went over on its nose, flinging him forward with such force that the safety belt parted and his chest hit the instrument board as the plane looped over onto the floe. Momentarily he blacked out.

Crewmen lifted him from the plane.

"How bad's she damaged?" he demanded.

"The prop's bent back, sir."

"We've got a spare prop!"

"But one pontoon's busted all to hell."

"Fit the skis," he commanded. "I got to go out again!"

In the Mackinac's sick bay, the medical officer looked him over carefully.

"You're lucky. Just three broken ribs. But you'll do no more flying this trip."

"Sir, I've got to! Tape me up tight."

"Good Lord, man, suppose you had to bail out? The jerk of a 'chute opening up would drive those fractured ribs into your lungs and kill you!"

"Moyer, if a flight has to be made, I'm the only pilot available. So don't tell the skipper about these ribs!"

When he walked stiffly out of sick bay, he found Mary waiting outside. Her face looked white and stricken.

"Are you all right, John?"

"Bunged up a bit. Nothing serious."

"I—wanted to see you a minute." Her lips trembled. "John, there's talk aboard ship about—your not reporting fog because I was flying with you. Why did you do that to me, John?"

John did not answer.

"If I'd been another man flying with you, you'd have let me take my chances."

"Yes, Mary. But—"

"John, darling, you had no right to make an exception of me!"

"I had to do what I thought best."

"It wasn't fair! Don't you *see* what a spot I'm in? All through the war women have been doing their jobs without ever asking for special treatment. They've faced whatever came their way and they've stuck—and never asked for privileges because they were women. But now I'm one woman who *did* get special treatment. And that was your doing!"

It was tearing the heart out of her to talk like that to him, and he knew it. Gently he tried to calm her. "I shouldn't have taken you—"

"But you did take me," she burst in vehemently, "and whatever risks came up I had to face! On account of me, you deliberately returned to the Mackinac when you should have kept flying. Now maybe this whole convoy will get hung up in the ice, and *I'm* responsible! Now some of our freighters may get sunk. Just because there was a woman along who got special protection! As if I were something precious and fragile!"

Flushing, he said stiffly, "I didn't want you hurt."

"But, John, darling, no matter how you personally feel about me, you had no right to bring me back. Don't you *see*? It's made me a Jonah! The men are saying that I shouldn't have come with this convoy, that it's no place for a woman. I f-feel so *guilty!*"

She was crying incoherently. He put his arm about her shoulders, but she drew away and ran to her cabin.

Angrily, out of his own deep hurt and dismay he echoed, "Maybe it *isn't* any place for a woman."

THE sedative that he had been given made him feel queasy and drugged. He went to his own cabin and lay down on his bunk.

He was wakened from uneasy sleep by the crashing ram of the Mackinac bucking the ice. He lay still, listening, as the vessel fought the pack, making progress by alternating charge and retreat. Presently he got up and walked out on deck.

The fog was thick. Looking aft, he could not see one of the freighters. He climbed to the bridge.

Commander Ames nodded. He was driving the Mackinac hard.

(*Continued on page 68*)

When he walked stiffly out of sick bay, he found Mary waiting outside. Her face looked white and stricken.

Seven Lively Arts rehearsal
Bea Lillie and Bert Lahr

The ROSE

The Rose—behind his Ahmpeer desk and slightly to one side of his 14-karat telephone.

SOME years ago the pint-sized Billy Rose read Gilbert Seldes' The Seven Lively Arts. The word Art has always fascinated the bantam Barnum, so he made a mental note of the book and carried it around in his fertile brain for years. The result is the super-mishmash of vaudeville -Art with a big, big A, acrobats, elephants, and Bea Lillie—which, if all has gone well, is now on view at Rose's Ziegfeld Theater.

Rose had just come into possession of the Ziegfeld Theater—his first—by means of a sharp trade, or "steal," as they say in the real-estate trade, when I went around to see how the Lively Arts were coming along. That was two months before the scheduled opening. Though the theater was in the process of getting a $150,000 Elizabeth Arden from star-studded roof to ladies' room, there was no sign of a rehearsal.

Within the vast emptiness of the theater's once lovely roof a pigeon circled fussily. "He wants to be sure to get to the opening!" I was advised by Wolfe Kaufman, Mr. Rose's five-by-five praise agent.

A line, started that morning at seven when the box office opened for the first time, stretched around the corner of Fifty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue. Folks were there to buy tickets for a show that would open in seven weeks—God willing!

Orchestra seats were $6.60—though for the alleged opening they were listed modestly at $24—with free champagne thrown in.

Kaufman explained that there *would* be a show. It was in rehearsal at various places all over town. Ballet girls were twirling; Cole Porter was trying out singers; Bert Lahr was monotonously ngong-ngonging Ben Hecht and Moss Hart sketches; Jack Donahue was removing the corn from tap-dancer routines; scenery was being constructed by Norman Bel Geddes; and costumes were being run off. Bea Lillie was still in England—waiting for Eden or Churchill to get her a travel priority to America for her first show in years.

Yet that line patiently inched toward the box office to invest in what was obviously a pig in a poke. At this moment Mr. Rose, who was in the box office, supervising the sale of tickets, came out from behind the till. Not one to mince figures or self-appraisal, he explained the miracle that was going on this way: "Never before in the history of the theater has there been such an advance sale. I expect to be sold out for four months before we open. The public is gambling on me." Then he added modestly, "It's one of the greatest expressions of faith the theater has ever known."

It is hard to quarrel with this view. The name Billy Rose has become a trade-mark. The mantles of Ziegfeld, Dillingham, and Barnum have been forced on his already well-padded shoulders. Crazy Quilt, the Billy Rose Music Hall, the Casino de Paree, the Casa Mañana, the Diamond Horseshoe, the Texas Exposition, the Cleveland and World's Fair Aquacades, Carmen Jones—all have contributed to make him a millionaire. Only in his bouts with the spoken drama has he been eminently unsuccessful. And they say around Broadway that Rose makes money even when he fails, because he lets the failures go to his head.

Billy Rose, in other words, is nobody's fool. An astute combination of old-fashioned vaudeville booker and Art lover, he has acute money scents. "Billy is slow with a dollar," a friend once said.

"Yes," he countered, "but awful fast with $100,000."

One thing everyone admits. While you may often disagree with the quality or taste of a Rose show, you can never object to its primary purpose. Unlike Barnum, he does not believe in giving the sucker the minus break. His motto is: "Always give the public more than it bargains for!"

Billy was born Rosenberg on New York's lower East Side, on September 6, 1899. At nineteen he claimed the world's shorthand championship and went into show business for the first time. John (the shorthand man) Gregg produced him on an Atlantic City pier, where everyone was invited to drop in free and read or talk to Rose in any language, including double-talk. Though English was Billy's only language, he took it all down phonetically—whether German, French, Italian, Greek, Polish, Russian, or Arabic—and with two hands at the same time. Then he read it back to you. Besides all this, Billy could take notes in his pocket with hidden pencil and notebook.

He was twenty when he organized the stenographers' bureau for Barney Baruch's World War I War Industries Board. He went to the peace conference at Versailles as Baruch's secretary, and there rubbed shoulders with Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George. Through Baruch, he also

PHOTOS BY EILEEN DARBY-GRAPHIC HOUSE AND DAVE ROSENFELD

Lahr tries a ngong or two on a rehearsal assistant.

Ballet master Dolin shows Lillie what he means.

After rehearsal: Rose makes a few changes.

in BLOOM

BY TED SHANE

Billy Rose, Imp Impresario, has been big stuff since he hit Broadway. Now he's got a theater and a new supershow: The Seven Lively Arts

met such big shots as Schwab, Morgan, Lamont, etc.

Filled with internationalism and a few tips on the market, Rose returned home determined to become an international capitalist himself. He sold Stutz short at $145 a share. It opened next day at $500 and went up to $800, Rose suffering his first and last personal depression.

Crushed, he went to the Republican Convention in Texas (of all places). When the Negroes split away into a convention of their own, Billy set up an open-air office on the platform and took notes while the orators held forth. He sold them $1,000 worth of transcriptions of their orations at twenty-five cents apiece.

On the boat to New Orleans later, with $800 in his pockets, he met a lady relative of the Shuberts. After a moonlight talk about Irving Berlin and the vast sums of money Berlin and Co. made, Art came alive in Billy's small, compact chest. He too would be a song writer.

BEING no musician, he decided to stick to the words. Holing up in the New York Public Library for months, he studied the hit numbers since the turn of the century. He discovered two things. One, that a lot of mental mutes need words stuck in their mouths when making love. Two, that the sound oo—as in June or moon, or in the song Mr. Dooley-ooley-oo!—appeared oftener in hits than other sounds. The result was Ain't Nature Grand? Right on its heels came Barney Google, "with those goo-goo-googly eyes," a number which Deems Taylor called the worst atrocity since the World War.

Barney outsold Ain't Nature Grand? (which hit 100,000 copies) and netted Rose $60,000. Then he went on to further triumphs with You Gotta See Mamma Ev'ry Night, or You Can't See Mamma at All; You Tell Her—I Stutter; Me and My Shadow; Here Comes the Show Boat; That Old Gang of Mine; I Met a Million Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store; Without a Song, and others. Billy still writes 'em for his night-club shows and enjoys an AA rating with ASCAP, which nets him $14,000 a year.

Somewhere in here, while Rose was dabbling in the night-club business, Fanny Brice became intrigued by a couplet in the lyric of a Rose opus entitled In the Middle of the Night. It went like this:

> In the middle of a moment
> You and I forgot what no meant.*

Curious to set eyes on a man who could write such stuff, Fanny sought a meeting, with the result that they were married.

Jimmy Walker performed the ceremony. The marriage hit the headlines and the wits hit the marriage. There were gags about the struggle for top billing in the wedding announcements, and Billy sprang to prominence as Mr. Fanny Brice.

Billy tried to write himself into a state of equality. He even took a trip to Hollywood, where for six months he earned $1,000 a week doing nothing. Hired as a writer, all he wrote was his name on the backs of salary checks.

At the time Jed Harris, twenty-nine, was Broadway's reigning genius, with Broadway, The Royal Family, The Front Page, and other hits to his credit. Billy determined to be another Harris. As scientifically as he had studied song lyrics, Rose studied the Draymah. He absorbed Shakespeare, the life of Belasco, the Shaw prefaces, and plowed through the Greek tragedies in a single night. Over a weekend he mastered the stagecraft of Craig, Reinhardt, and Arthur Hopkins.

The result was a little turkey called Corned Beef and Roses. Philadelphia, which first saw it, was impressed by the smell. Storm warnings were sent out.

When it got to New York on November 17, 1930, it was $150,000 in the hole, double its original budget. Rose had changed the title to Sweet and Low, but the smell of old corned beef was still heavy, and the critics made hash of it. Billy pruned, cut costs, and streamlined. When the show closed in May, 1931, he had recouped all but $75,000 of the original investment.

Later in the year he put it on Broadway again under the title of Crazy Quilt and with Fanny Brice, Hannah Williams, and George Jessel in the cast. The critics acclaimed it as a tremendous delight. The depression being in full bloom, Rose defied the theater code by asking $1.10 instead of $5.50 for the best seats. He got his money back—plus.

In awe of fine writers as he was of fine words, Rose in 1932 produced Hecht and Fowler's The Great Magoo. It was a $40,000 failure. Next he revived an old idea of Jesse Lasky's. (Lasky had lost $125,000 on it twenty-five years before.) Ripping the seats out of the Fortune Gallo Theater, Rose set up tables in the orchestra and ran a Restaurant Theater. For five bucks you and your best gal could eat, dance, and watch a well-undressed vaudeville show. Lasky had demanded evening clothes as obligatory dress; Rose didn't care how you came as long as you had on more than the chorus gals. The motto was "Tony with an undercurrent of honkytonk," and it was the first repeal joint of its kind. It was also to serve as a model for Rose's later similar ventures: the Billy Rose Music Hall, the Casa Mañana, and the Diamond Horseshoe.

The Diamond Horseshoe is Rose's own financial baby and makes about $10,000 a week for him. The earlier saloon ventures were other folks' dough. Billy usually settled for a hunk of the gate and a sign about fourteen stories high, like the one on THE BILLY ROSE MUSIC HALL. Folks naturally got the idea that Billy was someone. And he was. After a grouse-hunting trip to Europe with Barney Baruch, he removed his name from his saloon-theaters. They promptly folded.

In 1935 Rose went to the circus and came back bored. The result was Jumbo, one of the most fantastic flops in theater history. Jumbo rehearsed six months and ran five in that cavernous theater-barn

(Continued on page 52)

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The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

UD SLIDE—The monsoon season means constant crises on the Burma oad. Chinese coolies in umbrella-like hats and thatched "raincoats" ork in heavy rain to clear the way for badly needed war supplies.

10DEL MODEL—In the special pose she adopts to dry her nail olish, we find Marguerite Chapman, former New York model, ist chosen to play opposite Paul Muni in the new movie, One gainst Seven. "For her dramatic acting ability," it says here.

HE LOOKS WORRIED—It's summertime Down Under, so it's a cinch Papa Kangaroo isn't worrying about his fuel supply. But something seems to be bothering him as he rests on one elbow in Koala Park in Sydney, Australia.

POSTWAR PROBLEM—Look pretty harmless, don't they? Yet these four young Nazis were caught sniping at American troops near Aachen. Aged 8 to 14, they are Willy, Bernard, Hubert, and Victor—a United Nations' postwar problem in miniature. Willy was a member of the Hitler Youth.

LEYTE ACK-ACK—Implementing the slogan, "We have returned—and to stay." Yanks of an antiaircraft unit dig in on Leyte in the Philippines. The buildings in the background, including a church, were wrecked by retreating Japanese.

PURPLE HEART BABY—The cameraman might have posed this one, but nevertheless it remains one of the most poignant of war pictures. Little Claudia Stephenson, sleeping with his medal, doesn't yet realize her daddy, Claude Stephenson, was killed on Guam.

BABS AND BOB—It's reunion in a Chicago hotel for Barbara Stanwyck and her husband, Navy lieutenant Robert Taylor, as they exchange that look. Your guess is as good as ours as to why Bob is holding his own hand.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS—Standing in for every G. I. away from home this month is Coast Guardsman John Mints of Brooklyn, N. Y. Home for the holidays after being in four invasions, he saw his son for the first time.

TRISTAN AND BUFFALO—A special permit to do so tucked into his near-Danish hunting costume, hefty Danish-born Lauritz Melchior, Metropolitan Opera tenor, shot this 1,800-pound buffalo in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

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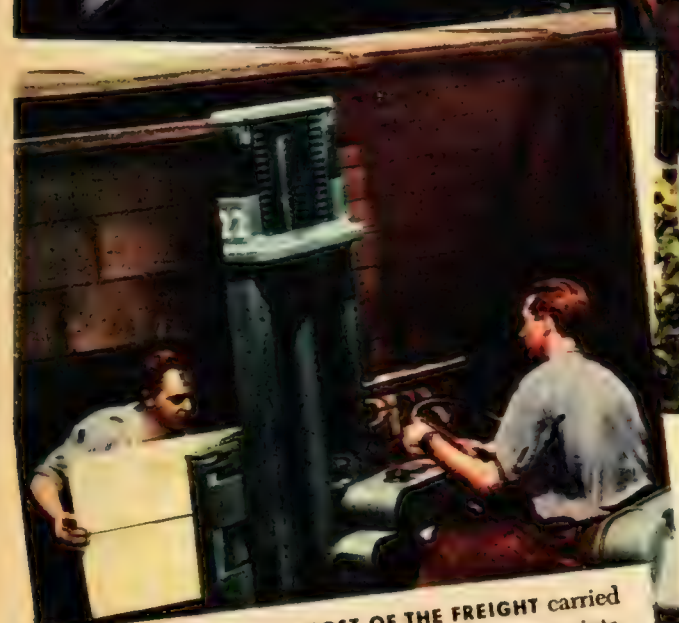

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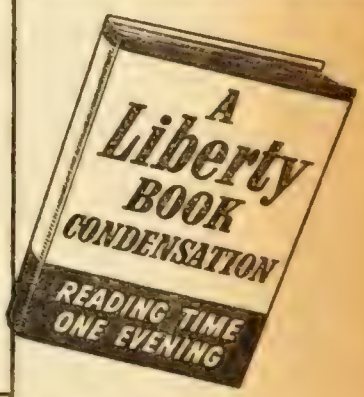
LEBANON

BY CAROLINE MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. EMERTON HEITLAND

In this story of a woman's heroic fight to build a home in the wilderness, Caroline Miller has woven a colorful and warmly human panorama of frontier life. It's a worthy successor to Lamb in His Bosom, for which Miss Miller won the Pulitzer Prize.



LEBANON stood motionless, her hand on the pole, her feet planted apart in the dugout's bottom, her head listening. Above the sound of the sleeping swamp, all you could hear was a sudden soft flight of wet wings, hidden from you in a near bush, or the falling of clustered rain from a twig tired of holding the burden of it.

Close in about the waters were bay trees that would sweeten the swamp air in June, maples that would burn like woods fires in March, and tupelos and oaks, and high above the other growth, everywhere the cypresses stood, naked and lean-bodied and tall-growing.

Lebanon poled toward home, ducking her head under the low boughs when they cluttered her way. Now and then, for the bother of it, she touched the pole to a low bough to watch it suddenly rain gathered wet onto the dark water.

It was not much of a house, Crease Fairgale would tell you—but the Fairgale house was a good house. Crease had built it when it was the only house south of Birdtown. Lebanon was born here. Now she was eighteen.

There was a front yard, fenced in saplings, and a walk went up to the front door block. Along the walk Lebanon or her mother had laid in flower beds, and pinks were readying for spring blooming.

Lebanon went in the back way, scuffing her boots on the shuck mat. A sleeping fire smoked on the kitchen hearth. She swung out the pothook to be certain the dried pease did not lack water.

Papa and Joel had carried in a load of salted gator skins and a few mink and beaver.

Lebanon had carefully told Papa:

"Trade my bolt of skins for a length of thin red goods. I want a skirt that will swing as I walk and switch about my ankles."

Crease's graying hair stuck out about his head like a

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child's, for it had curls hidden in it. His face wore a sober, kind look. His eyes were brown and gentle as a deer's.

"If I did not forbid it, doubtless you'd be rouging your mouth and face, like a Frenchwoman," Crease said.

"I sometimes wish I might," said Lebanon, her hands going secretly and lovingly about her waist where she wished a bright bodice to be, and about her throat where she could all but feel the dragging gold of a gift from some man from some big town, Philadelphia or Boston, Richmond or Charles Town.

Lebanon was much like her mother in looks—she had the same fiery blue eyes, the same prettiness of feature you cannot place, much as you hear a thrush singing in a thicket and never expect a sight of it.

Lebanon could not have told you why she liked her hair swinging free more than done up in a crown on her head and buckled down with polished walnut pins. Papa said it was high time she put on a woman's slow walk

and still face. "Smile when you will—and not so much laughter," Papa counseled her.

"Why?" she asked him.

"Good women are quiet," he said.

Sometimes Crease thought: What will become of her? A pain gnawed in his stomach if he ate more than a little buttermilk and a crust, but he said nothing of it. Joel would stand on his feet—a man can. But what will become of Lebanon if anything should happen to me?

Lebanon had made her own company—for Joel, two years older, never cared to play much more than hopscotch.

Many a morning, when she was little, she had sat in the mulberry boughs and sewed leaves for her children's garments. Many long evenings she had counted slow-coming stars, and made a same old wish on each new star: "I wish I shall be happy. . . . I wish I shall be happy. . . . Not now . . . not soon . . . but some day. . . . I wish I shall be happy."

WHEN Papa and Joel came home from Birdtown, three men came with them. They wished to look over Crease's land; they wished logging rights to his cypress, or outright purchase of the land.

Something told him he must make his plans for his children. He had eaten a piece of spiced meat at the tavern, and his stomach was a torment. You can't leave an untried son and a pretty daughter and a fine piece of land loose in the world together.

"This is my daughter, Lebanon, gentlemen," said Papa. "Lebanon, these are the Ratcliffs."

Raphael Ratcliff was big-bodied, and his face was all but hidden in a bristling graying beard.

His brother, Luke Ratcliff, was oldish, too, yet lean and lank-limbed.

Then there was their nephew, whose name was Sebastian Ratcliff.

From the beginning Lebanon loved him, even to the sounding of his name the first time she heard it called. He was that manner of man who can fill a room when he comes in and leave it empty when he goes out again. He went to the well for a drink, and it was as though you had blown out all the dips. He came in again from the dark, and the room was suddenly bright and merry again.

When they had eaten supper, they stayed on in the kitchen shed, and when the things were washed and set in place Lebanon sat awhile on the stool in beside the wooden box, and kept quiet over the sock she was doing for Joel.

"That is fancy blue coloring you have given the wool," Raphael Ratcliff said, showing her courtesy. Where he came from, ladies were not ignored.

"Thank you, sir," Lebanon said, bending her head a little lower over the pretty blue wool. "I used indigo," she said.

Sebastian Ratcliff was lighting a cheroot, and his face was gathered close in on the little flame, but his eyes came to her face, too, past the flame. Her heart stumbled and fell down, but she went on knitting.

Lebanon stayed only so long as to make a show of politeness. "I shall be saying good night," she said, bringing out the words painfully.

Suddenly the Ratcliff men were all on foot and bowing her out. Sebastian opened the door to the passage. "Is there anything I can do for you, madam?" he asked, bowing his head a little.

She knew no reply to make but a brusque "No, I thank you, sir."

She stood with the lighted candle in her hand.

"See that the beds are readied, Lebanon," Papa said.

And old Raphael said:

"Do, Miss Lebanon, for neither love nor conscience could keep one wakeful this night. I'll wager even Sebastian is tired till he'll scarce dream of his Lucie."

She went about readying the beds, thinking of the woman named Lucie. Lucie had a pale cold face probably, with burnished hair under a feathered bonnet. Lebanon could see her, even here in the gloom of this low house. Was he married to her, then? Did she have blue eyes or brown, did she wear lace-trimmed stays and white tippets? No doubt. Lebanon's feet heavied in her homemade boots.

Lebanon reached off her dark frock, loosing the bone buttons from their holdings down the front of the waist. She crept in under the cold covers. She told herself on and on: This man is not the one intended for me.

WHEN morning came, the men stirred and Crease built up the fire. Lebanon was already in the kitchen shed, and breakfast was ready by light. Dawn came glimmering through the cracks. The little cool of morning seeped through the floor cracks where bear throws were laid to keep out the cold.

Lebanon had biscuits, and fried ham, and hominy, and flenses of bacon, floured and browned, and hoecake, and mush milk, and preserves and blackberry jelly, and cups of hot water to drink. They had no coffee to offer the Ratcliffs. For the last longest Lebanon had begged Papa to bring some home, so now all she could offer was hot water flavored with molasses. The Ratcliffs had fine manners; they said it made a delicious drink. It was a good breakfast, they said. Her hands trembled faintly, as did her heart, as she set the mugs around the places and waited on the men and passed the plates of food.

"Your girl here would make a fine wife for some man," Rafe said, passing her a smile.

"It is the truth," Crease said, "and we thank you for kind words. She has not had many chances back here in the sticks."

Then Sebastian said a bold thing.

"You say she has not, now?" he laughed. "That is a wonder to me." He smiled straight at Lebanon. "You could see her eyes all the way from here to Baltimore."

Lebanon all but swooned. That was a wild thing for a married man to be saying to her. Then Rafe said, "When Sebastian has a wife, wonder will he go about saying such things to pretty girls?"

"No," Luke said.

Lebanon looked hard into Sebastian's face, and he was looking at her, and he knew as well as did she what were

her thoughts: Then you are *not* married to some other woman, and I thought you were.

Lebanon's face was sober till Sebastian's laughter caused her face to break into smiling, too, and her eyes into fiery blue light. But Crease eased off the gored house cap and stroked his head slowly, as though his thoughts pained him.

THE men stayed in the house some days; it was never said loud how long they would stay. One day they went southeast, one day south, another day southwest, searching through the reaches of best cypress to see how much Rafe would pay for it and how much Crease would take.

And every night they came back to Lebanon's house, and she had new sweets and browned meat or broiled partridges and white biscuits and butter-and-flour gravy.

It was, these days, a marvel to be alive, to have two feet and a hot head, a heart beating, and a mouth to tell things with. But what to tell? And who to listen? She could not say the things that crowded her heart, and there was none to tell them to. Sebastian? There was no need to tell him; his eyes knew. It was the strangest thing. When the men came in from their surveying, at sundown, or later, or earlier, his eyes would seek her face and she would smile—a common welcome smile; it was he who made the difference.

It was a time of moonless nights. It was blowy outside, and now and then there would come a light rush of rain across the roof, as though a ragged pine bough, loosed from somewhere, were dipped into the wet, blowing sky and brushed on this lonely roof.

This was eight nights the Ratcliffs were here, bargaining over the land.

One by one the men went to bed, Crease and Joel to the back shed room, the two older Ratcliffs to the front room. Now the girl was spinning, her foot going steadily, her hands solemn in the air, building comfort for the men of this house.

The low light touched Lebanon's face, and shadows came and went on it. She had blown out the single dip—no use to waste tallow; firelight is enough for simple spinning. Sebastian studied her face when she thought he was asleep, and he thought: Her face is as clean as though carved.

But suddenly in her face there came a change. He saw her brush away tears on the backs of her hands. The wheel was stopped. He had seen other women cry, his mother and Lucie, and Aunt Maria. But their weeping was mingled with a lot of words, soft threats, strident justification or recrimination. But this girl was weeping quietly, as rain falls.

The wheel was whirring again in the firelight, and still her cheeks were wet, and still with one hand she dried the tears as they came. Then of a sudden she lifted her shoulders and quit weeping; he knew she was finished with it. She left the wheel and caught up the old fur tippet from a wall peg, lifted the dry water piggin, and went out into the whipping cold.

Sebastian eased from the wall cot. He took up his greatcoat where it hung spread-armed over a chair. He went out into the dark. The well sweep was creaking—the weight of it should be heavy even for a man. It was a black blowing night. The well sweep hushed its lumbering. The firelight fondled the split-log walls of the cabin and the bear throws lay patient, warming hopelessly cracks where wind was forever coming in.

IT WAS later that she brought the newest bearskin throw and laid it softly across him where he lay on the wall cot. He lay with his eyes fast shut in false sleep. She laid the warm skin on his feet. The coarse wild scent of it struck his nostrils and he could feel its warmth. She went noiselessly across the flooring, quiet in her deerskin shoes, and out into the cold shed room away from the fire and his warm breathing.

It was a hard thing to do—for when he had set his arms about her shoulders, it seemed that there she was meant to be. Yet there was nothing to do but say, "You are a fool. Do go back."

Her mother was dead and had never told her the way of a man's love, yet she knew this to be a treachersome, deadly device in the heart of a man, and a hard danger to a soft woman.

"We should be together. Fate intended it," he said.

All she could say was, "Then why did not Fate set us together, if such were her intentions?"

But he was no way angered at her.

"You will not love me, then?" he asked.

"I will love you till I die," she promised.

The warmth of the bearskin throw warmed his feet and spread through all his body till he was too hot. Here was a strange and unsuspected summer hidden in his veins. And here was a new love, and a faithful one, and one he would wish to keep forever.

HE LAY wakeful in the deepened dark. The fire had smoldered into coals. Through the thin walls of the shed room he could hear hoarse snoring—that would be Uncle Rafe. He could hear a heavy breathing—that would be Crease Fairgale. He could hear nothing from Lebanon's hushed shed room to the right. There was stillness there.

Suddenly Sebastian noted a strange thing. Here, close-curled under his cot, he heard the quick even breathing of Lady, the little dog that belonged to Lebanon Fairgale. Sebastian could not find the outline of his mental quandary in the murk of his thoughts; he could not think for thinking. He thrust back the covers and went to lay a new log length on the fire.

The planking of the floor, where the skins did not cover it, was icy. He went and laid his palm on the cold wood of Lebanon's door as though to quiet a quaking in his life.

The little dog, roused by his walking, came with him and lifted her head and watched him, to be sure he took no harm to Lebanon's threshold. He stood, listening, but he could hear no signal of her woman's breathing.

Till he died he would remember this small cold minute in the dark when his hand lay on the black face of her door, and she beyond, a long way off.

He remembered he was a fool to stand barefoot beyond Lebanon's door. He stole with a shamed face back to the bunk and laid himself down. He put his mind doggedly on Lucie Birdsong and her child-pure face, her peach-pink cheeks, and her chin with the kiss dimple in it, and the hood of her bronze hair. In sweet pretense he kissed her eyelids shut now, as though her face were there beside his face as it would be in three short months more, and then for all the remainder of his nights on earth.

Lebanon, for her part, lay a long while watching the shadow of dark swerve across the low slanting ceiling. The heavy wooden shutter, barred against the cold, shuddered a little in the blowing of the wind. Now and then from an unseen crevice there would blow a sudden icy gust of new cold, tempering to the still of the room. There was no warmth, no comfort, here on the goose-down bed. There was terror, and hard grief, and mad and hopeless desire to hound her out of sleep.

Till she died, she would recall this night as that time when she was no more a child.

I shall not even so much as give him leave to come into my mind, Lebanon resolved savagely.

Yet he came.

You with your shining boots I have held and oiled these nights; you with your fleece-lined cloak hung just so on the coat rack beside the front door; you with your stem-winder watch with twined serpent heads you got when you were twenty-one—you are too fine for me and I cannot be suddenly born again in Philadelphia so that you can marry me. You with your pale restless hands on a black colorado cigar from Spain, a frown of displeasure or bewilderment betwixt your brows, and your teeth dragging at your lower lip . . . I know the wrinkles and sewed designs on your imported boots, because I have greased them for you, night on night. Just so I know the features of your heart, the breaking of your smile, having learned them a lifetime. You cannot marry me, and I know it, yet I must learn it over and over, minute by long minute. . . .

So went Lebanon's thoughts.

After a long stretch of time the wind died, shortening its gusts like a wild breathing slowing. Daylight was

near. Lebanon rose to make breakfast. She put a new log to the flame and stood to hear the bright crackle of flame on dry rich wood. The long night was over.

She wore a butternut wool sack with bone buttons, and her hands did not trouble the buttons as yesterday. Rafe studied her face as an old bee studies a new rose, to judge its opening. Her face was still, Indian-y, dark, quiet as a slough of swamp water when the wind is gone.

IT WAS about time the deal was closed. They would go to Birdtown and have a lawyer draw papers to be signed, to cover intricacies. They had quills and writing racks and ink in their valises, and they figured this way and that, before Lebanon's fire. They agreed, and disagreed, and agreed again. Lebanon was always praised for her cooking.

"Happy to serve, gentlemen," she said softly, passing a new load of hot biscuits fresh from the kitchen hearth.

But Lebanon was thinking: I can see her, this chit-mouse he is to marry. She washes in Marseilles soap, no doubt, and I grind lilywort for mine. She whitens her throat with sweet powders and flakes her cheeks with French rouge, and Sebastian never recognizes the fraud; she reads a book with girandoles set just so to light her page. There are always slaves to lackey her, one to rub her feet when she has walked, one to wash her hair when the wind has blown in it, one to shade her eyes from fire-light, and one to stir the air so that she shall breathe fresh all day long. They play harps for her and she laughs. They hold gold silk rags for her and she weeps. . . . Lack-adaisy! Lebanon told herself, the problem solved. And still the problem heavied her heart more and more.

IT WAS two months and six days since Sebastian's wedding day. Lebanon decided she would go into Birdtown. She had pulled her heart together somewhat after the lashing it had taken. She wished Sebastian to see that her heart was not broken, quite. Far off she might see him, going down a sidewalk, his fine English-made boots quick on planking or cobbles.

Lateuse's Tavern stood in the midst of a cobbled courtyard; around the courtyard was a low wall of whited bricks, and the oleander trees. All day long, and deep into the night, there was apt to be an ever-so-pleasant clish-clash of noise; the posts and stages made the tavern headquarters, and all manner of travelers came in time. One could find near it a shop to meet any need—saddlers, wool staplers, farriers, and even a steam bathhouse whence hot sweet odors issued at all hours.

The barkeep was named Fernald d'Aussy. He was shy and dark-faced. When the sanded floor was darking and odorous, he swept it clean and scattered more coarse river sand. He had eyes that were clever as a mouse's, and a careful mouth. His hands were forever smoothing and polishing the squat tumblers and tall glasses and gold-lipped beakers, as though they were dear familiars. He was a Frencher but not from Paris.

The first time Lebanon had laid eyes on him was the day her mother was buried.

Crease had taken the children into town. He had set Lebanon on the counter—she was seven—and Joel sat in a leather chair, and Crease took one hearty drink after another. "He buried his wife today," the other men said, and one by one the other men went away and left the one man, the little girl on the counter, and the boy in the leather chair. Lebanon could remember the green bottle with the big body and the small throat. And finally Crease was swaying and cursing and weeping. He laid his face in his arms on the counter, and his shoulders heaved. Joel, sitting straight in the leather chair, began to cry. Then Fernald led Crease somewhere and laid him to sleep that night. That was eleven years ago, and Lebanon could remember the little Frencher holding her on his knee and making funny faces behind a false face of red-painted cloth, to make her and Joel laugh. They slept in his bed that night, at the end of a dark corridor in a second story, and Fernald stroked Lebanon's head and they went to sleep, she and Joel, under the spell of a story about a French queen and a white pony. He had stayed beside the narrow bed till they fell asleep so they would not be afeared. Now Lebanon could remember it.

This morning she went into the tavern, when she was done with going up and down the streets and window-trading. She walked up to the time-darkened counter, and he did not at first see her. He was polishing a crystal glass, blowing upon it and shining it with a linen cloth. The counter shone where he had polished it, too.

He smiled. "Well, draw and quarter the devil if here is not Lebanon Fairgale come to see me."

He bowed most elaborately, to tease her, took her hand and set a courtly kiss on the back of it. "You cancel all your months of absence. You banish the loneliness of my heart. You are a miracle," he said.

Then, as he looked closer on her, he hushed his bright chiding, for here was a woman before him suddenly in place of the child he had known.

She tried to put into a few words the desperate thing she had come to say. She found her face beginning to quiver past her control. She looked in Fernald's kind dark eyes.

"Could I have a little glass of brandy?" she asked.

"Yes. But why?" he asked. He watched her face in curious surprise. She returned his gaze and her fingers danced on the dark counter.

"You shall have it," he said indulgently. "And at noon you will eat with me. There is red snapper matelote and snow pudding, as well as all the usual."

There was an inner room behind the bar. Lady was sniffing along the floor where a mouse had walked last night. The room's high-set window was thickened in dust. It was never opened or washed. Back in the little room Fernald kept the ledgers at a slanting desk with a high stool to sit on. On the desk there was a candle near to be burned down, showing he worked nights.

"I wish some words with Sebastian Ratcliff," she said. "Would you fetch him to that room?" She pointed beyond Fernald to the cubbyhole where Lady had already gone, sniffing.

"You have no words for him," Fernald said suddenly.

Her head drooped a little.

"Have you now?" he pressed, persuading her against folly, stretching his hand to stop her fingers from dancing.

"He is buying my father's land," she said.

"He may be buying your father's land, but that would have nothing to do with you. He has a wife. I do not need to tell you that. Further than all that, his wife is illed. What word could you have for him?" he asked her, speaking a little roughly.

"None," she said, holding tightly to the edge of the counter.

He poured her a drink. He led her into the small inner room and pulled up a deep-armed chair cushioned in red plush, tufted and worn.

He left Lebanon with the glass of brandy filled before her.

SEBASTIAN walked down the long ordinary and saw the Ratcliff table already set for three-o'clock dinner. There were red roses in a brass bowl. He took a rose to stuff into his cravat. He would take it up to Lucie for her to smell. Perhaps its freshness would somewhat revive her.

Fernald was not to be seen at the bar. Sebastian struck the counter. The rose shook in his hand.

"Fernald!" he called sharply. (Heaven knew they were paying enough to have a little service in this place.) Fernald would be in the little dark counting room doubtless.

There in the dark of the little door he saw her.

Her face was the face of a woman now, pale and passive, and unspeaking until he spoke, deferential and gentle.

"Lebanon . . ."

He called her name brokenly.

"Pour me a glass of that." He pointed toward a squat Burgundy-colored bottle on the shelf near her hand. She lifted a down-turned goblet and poured some of the liquor into it.

"Enough!" he cried softly.

He lifted the glass.

"Health and happiness," he said gravely, no japery, no lightness on his tongue, a simple wish-you-well—the only thing he could say.

From the kitchen they could hear a high cackle of

mirth. From the courtyard they could hear a horse nicker and move his hoofs restlessly.

"Fernald tells me that your wife is illing," Lebanon said. "I hope she is soon improved."

"She is with child," he said, carefully guarding both Lebanon and Lucie from any hurt in his words.

"I wish all the three of you happiness." Lebanon looked straight into his eyes.

Sebastian measured a pour of liquor, larger than the first. He downed the fiery sweet courage.

"Our thanks," he said, "the three of us."

She saw the red rose thrust carelessly through the tightened loop of his cravat.

It was that very afternoon that Lebanon told Fernald these words:

"You always said you had a foot for wandering. You always said you wished to go West more than anywhere else in the world. Well—so should I."

The last words died on her lips.

He laid a sudden hand over his eyes.

"Dammit, Lebanon Fairgale. What are you saying?"

She held her face steady, as though he might give it a blow from his hand.

"I might be a little wild-hearted," she said, telling her faults honestly, "but I am a good cook and housekeeper. I would be an obedient wife."

"I would tame your heart." He leaned nearer her face. He put his hands about her head.

"If traveling West is what you wish," he said, "we will take a long journey West together."

FOR a long while Fernald must have loved her, never guessing his own heart. Now she was his; the binding words of marriage had been spoken in an immaculate silence for all to hear, before the tall glass windows and the sober face of the parson's wife.

For twenty-five years Fernald had lived mincingly, on frugal food and no pleasures, saving silver half-dollars, double eagles, and notes in little stacks.

Now he could go West, if Lebanon wished, or North or East. He could open a fancy bar in any place and serve gentlemen, and Lebanon could wear Irish lace and go to chapel and send their children to dancing school. They could do anything they pleased. Suddenly Fernald was sick of life in Birdtown, though he had been contented enough till now.

He bought Lebanon a cloak of black velvet with a lining of red silk. The cloak had bound slits in its front for her hands to come through, and a ruff of pleated silk. He bought for her a bonnet that had a high crown of nothing but roses. The finery out of Miss Lily Ludgate's Shoppe comforted Lebanon greatly, as did likewise the ring upon her finger which Fernald had given her from his dead mother.

They traded for tarred tenting; for a cart with a steady floor of cypress planks and heavy bracing of iron. They traded for a dappled mare named Miranda, neither too young for wildness nor too old for long travel. She was a crump, born so, and so came the more cheaply. Yet her crippled foreleg caused Lebanon to love her more than if she had been born perfectly formed.

In the back of the cart, under the tarred tenting, they laid away a new iron boiling pot, a skillet and a gridiron, an oven pot and a saucepan. These would be enough for any eating. They could cut three pronged sticks and lean them together over a fire and spit a gobbler to roast over oak coals. They took along a corn grater, salt, and side meat, meal, and dried pease, a shaker of mixed Indian spices, a trivet or two to keep ashes out of the hominy, a little sack of lye, a loaf of soap, a kittle to hang over a fire, though it might be a thousand leagues west.

They carried bedding and the brassbound chest that was Fernald's. Most of their clothing swung on hooks under the tenting—a dusty way to go. What was too fine for dust was folded in Fernald's chest.

They could think of no other need, though traders tried to talk them into more buying.

Folks asked them, "Where will you be stopping, d'Aussy?"

And Fernald would reply, "We do not know ourselves. The Californias maybe, or west of there." Then everybody would laugh, envious and well-wishing at once.

It being late spring, and green grass everywhere, they took no provender for Miranda. She could crop her dinners this summer, and by winter they would be settled. Then they would buy hay and corn for her.

Lady went with Fernald and Lebanon westward.

Crease was not told of it till it was done. Fernald sent a penned announcement of his marriage with Lebanon:

We have decided to be wed and go West. When we are settled we will send word. Do not fret after your daughter's happiness, for I will conscientiously attend to it. Lebanon wishes you to know she grieves to leave you without a farewell, but time presses on us.

Yr obt and faithful svt,
FERNALD NAPIER D'AUSSY.

Lebanon sat high beside Fernald. She noticed the little crump had stray marks of silver across her flanks.

"Madame d'Aussy—that was Lebanon Fairgale," Fernald said, trying the sound of her new name in his own hearing. The sound of it had startled her a little.

When they remembered their hunger, Lebanon served the food from a willow basket with a hinged double lid. There were rissoles of chopped lamb, breaded and fried. There were beaten biscuits, syruped carmelites, and figs and gold cheese.

Wind swirled over the little cart as though it were a roof. Heavy dark came down. They had found a little piece of water. Fernald laid a fire. Fireflies carried their lanterns everywhere.

They had eaten and it was time to sleep. Lebanon spread a bed under the tarred tenting. Lady saw nothing strange in sleeping in a house a few feet long and a fewer feet wide. Here was a man she must learn to love, since Lebanon loved him.

The next day they found talkative ferry-keeps at portages over black rivers that flowed slowly southward. Posthouses were far apart, and in some cases taverns were dangerous stops.

Lebanon carried some of Fernald's moneys hung to a little gold cross betwixt her breasts. Some of the moneys Fernald carried at the bottom of his tobacco pouch, each piece wrapped so it would not jangle against another piece. Some they carried in their sock feet and some in pockets sewed inside Fernald's pantaloons and inside Lebanon's underskirts.

There was newness all along the way.

In one little place, while steeple bells tolled a fair, Fernald bought for Lebanon a blue cashmere gown because her eyes were so blue, and a cotta of red velvet with jet beading bordering its armholes. It had an upstanding collar and a swinging hem. He bought her, too, a pair of black cheverel boots with velveteen tops, and pearls strung on a cord that would loop three times about her throat.

Fernald bought nothing for himself. He still wore the faded green velveteen jacket, and the only newness about him was the new greatcoat he was wedded in, a silk

cravat, linen shirt, and a double-breasted buff waistcoat.

The days came and went in a multitude of surprises. They were a week from home, a month, and two months. She had no time to consider if she were happy, and no one asked her. She had no complaint against Fernald as a husband—and no one to complain to. His caresses were gentle; he took thought to little things, day by day, and drew her affection more and more to him. He showed toward her a fastidious behavior in all things, so that she had no occasion to think Sebastian could be kinder. Fernald showed his person fastidious care: he pomaded his hair so that it curled about his collar most becomingly. He brushed and scented his beard carefully. It was contenting, this being married to a gentleman who gave her beautiful things for herself and who was careful of her feelings.

"You are the most beautiful woman ever I laid eyes on," Fernald would say, smothering her mouth in a kiss. And straightway she would feel beauty warming her till she was beautiful indeed. She would take his hands and look him hard in the face and say all her thanks in no more than the shining of her young eyes. To him that was thanks enough.

FERNALD had paid in advance for this side room with a fireplace in it. Fernald was out with the keep. A woman, the keep's wife, had laid a fire and brought in more fat pinewood. The smoke boiled. The woman stood wringing her hands a little. She wished to talk—that was clear.

"It is fine weather we are having these mornings," she said.

"It is indeed," Lebanon said, smiling.

"We came West," the woman opened up, wiping her reddened hands on a faded apron. Her tongue knew good words and an English way of saying them. "We came from Virginia. . . . They told us there were fortunes West."

Her face was pale and haggard; her hair was drawn into a tight knot with one knobbed pin to hold it. Her eyes were still blue, but a paler, subtler blue than when she was young in Virginia.

"Forgive me if I weary you." She smiled deprecatingly. "It is not often that nice women come through. My papa swore that I should rue leaving home. I often wonder if I do and am not aware of it."

"Leastwise you would never admit it, would you?" Lebanon spoke sagely. "No more shall I, if ever I am sorry."

They looked at one another, and they smiled one smile.

"Please have a chair," Lebanon remembered to say. "It has been a long while since I knew any woman to talk with."

"My thanks," the other woman said. She wore no six ruffled petticoats over steel stays. Her thin figure showed through the faded hubbard, but she spread her flimsy skirt and dropped a curtsey.

"I never turned my hand at home," the woman said. "I never so much as washed a kerchief. And now I gut the game and wash the grooms' wear, and plow the garden patch and hoe it. . . . If Papa could see me now!" She spread her hands, laughing, and folded her fingers in one another again.

Next morning Lebanon saw the woman again whilst she served breakfast. Her name was Roanoke Carter, as Lebanon took pains to ask. She did the scrubbing before dawn, before the lodgers were up. The meats for today were already floured and larded and spitted across the hearth, dripping fat into the drip pans. A world of work there was to such a business as this! Roanoke was worn thin as a weathered rail.

Fernald said her husband, Brewton Carter, was a tippler, harsh to the point of blows when he had too much. Before breakfast he drank, and before dinner and before supper and after all three meals. He was a loathsome lot, Lebanon thought, when Fernald pointed him out. Bloated and pink-faced, he lounged in a big chair by the fire, a hound at foot.

The morning they left this tavern, Lebanon decided she must ask this Roanoke a question.

"My mother was from Virginia," she led off. "She went to Georgia with my father, and lived twenty miles from another roof, went to town scarce twice a year. I have often wondered whether she was happy or no. If it would not seem too bold, I should like to ask you has ever the thought occurred to you that a man's love is soon over?"

"Love?" Roanoke laughed. "I used to ask myself if I loved Brewton. And I used to tell myself that I *must* love him. There is no one else I would have worked so hard for. I doubt love was made to be happy in. I remember . . ." Roanoke's voice sank away to nothing.

"How long since you were in Richmond?" Lebanon asked, to break the silence.

"Nineteen years come Michaelmas." Roanoke spoke as one makes response in church meeting.

It was at that moment that Lebanon knew she would never see East again, nor Papa and Joel, nor the old roof sagging over home. . . .

"Will you write me sometimes, when I let you know where we are to be?"

Lebanon thought this woman was as near a friend as she was likely to find.

"By all means," said Roanoke. "It would be a pleasure to receive a hearing from you. The time that has passed since my name was called by the post!"

"When we come back East again, we shall surely stop and stay a time," Lebanon promised.

AS THEY went west day by day, Fernald asked more shrewdly concerning land for a new holding, richness of soil, nearness of water.

After seventeen weeks he turned south from a road that went through low coast land and showed Lebanon a

piece of land that pleased him. To eastward it was bounded by a river thick in water hyacinths. To the west, higher pine land lay. The land was level, thick-matted in fields that had never felt a share. This was good black land, made for rice and corn and cattle. It was rich and cheap, and there was a water spring in among myrtles. Fernald bought warrants and the thing was done.

Chipmunks played in and out among the cart wheels. "Company for dinner," Lebanon said, and threw a piece of johnnycake where they would find it.

Fernald stood on a slope that went down into the river. Long ago a haphazard wind had planted water oaks here to arch a way to the water. This was the place, Fernald said. North, two miles off, the Big Pike went, east and west. From here, if the air was still, one could hear the faint rumbling of bridge timbers under the passing of a wooden-wheeled cart.

He stood under the trees and named this place "Cockaigne." Built it might never be, yet here was the place for it. By lifting his eyes he could see galleries green in vines and the whited slave quarters. He could hear the clanging of the stable bell, he could see dust rising from the far fields in summer plowing. Now there was but a crowding of trees and pensive garlands of gray moss nearly touching the earth.

Here was a vast loneliness. Lebanon shivered the least bit and called brightly to Lady, to make a sound in the

ghostly air. She could hear the oaks leaning, though they made no brushing of boughs, for there was no wind. Lady knew better than to chase the chipmunks, but she whimpered, begging Lebanon to allow her to forget her raising. "No," Lebanon said.

Down on the black breast of the river they could see ducks settled. Near by, Miranda was cropping the new grass of home. She was tamed to them now, and they did not stake her at night. She wore a brass bell, which tinkled softly wherever she fed, day or night.

"When you have heard drunken men call God's name carelessly, as I have, this silence is good on your ears," Fernald said, being brave. "I was sick of tavern life."

A bird whistled. Lebanon tried to cheer Fernald, for he seemed disheartened over his trade, and it was too late now to be disheartened. There were no more gold guineas and no more notes in her petticoat pocket.

"If you ever craved music here, that bird's whistle sounds as much like a flute as anything I ever heard."

The bird whistled once more and hushed.

"We'll have music aplenty in time," he said jovially, "and anything else we crave. People will be coming West in droves before long. You'll see it. We'll be the early birds and catch the fortune."

"Don't be afeared for me," she said. "I was never lonely."

THEY began to fell trees next morning—first, saplings for a lean-to. Lady chased a rabbit till her tongue lolled, and then she was sick of him. Lebanon went hunting along the river and with only a little trouble brought in a young buck and spent the rest of the day jerking meat over coals.

They had a roast venison haunch for supper, and they had enough jerked meat to feed a big family, turned and dried and salted down in strips.

In not so many days Fernald rode over to talk with the tollkeep, and he brought back a hen, thirteen half-grown biddies, and a pig. The tollkeep was named Poake, Simon Poake, Fernald said. He had a pretty wife, Fernald said, and grown twin sons.

"They have stores," Fernald said. "We'll not want for anything."

Lebanon was more cheerful than common, for Fernald was slow taking heart.

"A man needs such a little," she said. "With the start of chickens and the pig, we couldn't very well ask for more and not show greed. All a man honestly needs is a musket, a tinder box, and a salt jar."

"And a woman," he said, and held her hand the more tightly. The days were past when he would love her desperately; after this, he would only love her faithfully.

A man must build a house for himself, and a woman must make it a home. Timber and stone and planking are not the only matter that go into a house. Also there must go the pulse of the brain and sweat of palm.

A little lean-to was enough of a task for a town-made man like Fernald. Fernald could make a profit on a hogshead of Port Royal any time. But he was a very dupe at this business of building a house on his own land. Often Lebanon's eyes would go about his face in wonder that he could be so helpless over a dulled ax head or a gummed cook pot or an adze mislaid to rust in the grass. His land was bought, his house was tall in his mind, but a time is required to hew out one plank, to say nothing of felling trees for the walls. There were arts she would need, once the house was walled and roofed and shuttered.

If the toll taker Poake, and his two grown sons, Erwin and Estis, had not come over when they could spare a day, cold weather would have come and found Fernald and Lebanon still felling.

For a long while Lebanon found Priscilla Poake no different from many other women—a brighter face, maybe. She would lift her skirt shyly, if Fernald was thereabout, and show a lace flounce's edge. She had a pretty face, her eyes deep-set, with darkness about them that gave her a quaint appearance. Her lips were red as anything, and she was always about to smile. Her hair was always coming down around her collar like a baby's soft hair, yet she had no look of frowsiness. She had little feet and womanly shoulders and breasts. Her hands had a way of touching lightly a man's hand or thigh or head, as though she thoughtlessly petted him.

Erwin and Estis, the Poake twins, were a sight to see. Not even their mother knew who was who, if she could not see their eyes and the twist of their lips. They were much taller than she, and she had a coy smiling way with them. She was no little stripling, but her sons were still taller than she, for they were six feet and four, and a long way from lean. They were nineteen years old, and as gentlemanly as one will find, though they came from common people. There had been a girl, their sister, but she died when she was ten.

Erwin had a loud and hearty laugh, but Estis smiled in place of laughing. There was a deep bond between them. Sometimes they would turn toward one another and would march off to some project of their own, and never a word. Each was handsomer than the other, in this way or that. Erwin's black and shining thatch of hair stood and glinted in sun or candlelight till a love-hungry woman would scarce take pains to keep her hands out of it. Estis, for the most part, kept his hair wetted down and calmed. Erwin would look one straight in the face, but Estis was shyer and would go on working with his big stubby hands if he was listening or telling something.

The late summer went. Fernald complained hardly at all when the blisters in his hands changed to bloody sores and healed hard afterward. With the Poake men helping, he found a certain pleasure in the woods. It was a new satisfaction to learn to judge a tree's height and the set of its boughs, its girth, its texture and hardness. He would lay his palm on the body of a certain tree and say, "This one." Then there was nothing to it but to chop it down.

Many nights the stars looked in through the ridgepoles, and some days thunder cracked and rain came in a hurry and flooded the floor of the house abuilding. Yet foot by foot the clapboards were split from oak and poplar, were hewed by ax and wedge from blocked tree rounds of weathering cypress, were fastened under poplar poles.

Now in the very last of summer the mosquitoes were so thick that Lebanon had to buy netting from Priscilla Poake's commissary, and veil it above the pallet where they slept. They were forever hearing of yellow pestilence to the west, and there was no relief from that Thing but flight.

THE thought of the Pest troubled Lebanon a little. It came through the air and settled on a place, and there was nothing to do but get from that place with all possible dispatch. Those who tarried to nurse and bury their dead died too.

Now and then pedlars would come by, told of the d'Aussys' new house by the Poakes, and they would sleep by the fire—and bring news of things West and East. Old Mississip' had run wild in the spring, Orleans was growing richer and wilder. Out yonder, plantations were spreading out along old Mississip', and wharves were thicker. There were gambling houses and worse, and cockfights, bearfights, and slave farms.

"When were you East last?" Lebanon would ask.

"Oh, last year," the pedlar might say carelessly.

"Were you ever in Birdtown, Georgia?" Lebanon would press him.

"Why, yes—why, yes, a six months back. Nice place to be," he'd say, and Lebanon would hush, because Fernald would not help her.

"This country is better," the pedlar would say, to cheer them.

"I heard tell Northerners were buying up a whole business of trees in Birdtown."

"Yes, that is so," Fernald said suddenly. "Name of Ratcliff."

"Why, now, that is the truth. Ratcliff it was. Well, I be! You know 'em, then!"

"You never carry any such thing as fruit trees about, do you?" Fernald asked.

"Why, no," the pedlar said. "But I know a feller that does."

So the months were tolled off, and farther and farther the trees were girdled for a field. The fireplace was man-

teled by a hewn board, and now they had a bed of forked poplar logs and crosspieces of cedarwood and a spring mattress of woven roping. Erwin and Estis were clever with a barlow knife and any kind of wood. There was now a shelf by the door for a water pail. There were chairs aplenty for Fernald and Lebanon and all the Poakes to sit in—polished wood of walnut, with seats of split hickory withes, or plain poplar chairs. There were two low stools of pine. Now and then Erwin and Estis would take a day off and come over and work on the corncrib, or split rails for a fence.

Once Estis turned a red face toward the gourd he was carving.

"Everything is different since you and Fernald came to live close," he said.

Lebanon felt like an old woman before his face. Still her hair flared as it used to do when the swamp wind fondled it. She felt somehow matured, strait-laced, and forced to reason every matter through for herself.

"We will always try to be good neighbors," she said.

Estis looked toward her, wearing his heart in his eyes as Lady did.

IT SEEMED to Lebanon that she had liked the building of this house better than living in it. Now that the time was past, she remembered those days when she and Fernald were first in this place, with a musket, a tinder box, and a salt jar. Now she hungrily remembered the lean-to that had stood there in the middle of this room, its air odorous in pine, and a low fire before it.

It may be that Lebanon's first discontent grew from her being within walls at all. There was this and that which discontented her and Fernald. One of the first times they had cross words at all was over nothing, and they were both ashamed of it.

Sometimes she looked at Fernald in wonder. He thought he knew so much! But he was a master fool in many things where she could have taught him better. Where had he lived all his life to know so little? He did not even know how to warm an ax blade before chopping with it in cold weather. He did not even know to chew poison-ivy leaves to keep hot blisters from his own skin. He did not know to drink strange sage tea for fever, or cinchona broth for a chill.

He was little to blame, of course. He had spent his young years in playing hot cockles and toddle-top, in flipping cards in a game of corners. His feet had moved in quadrilles and arabesques, while hers had tramped mile on mile, tracking a certain buck. Gentilities were as thick through his young years as sand spurs through Lebanon's. He had lessons once on a viola da braccio, and could play the flute till now. Till now his hands were that daintily turned that they seemed forever curved to fit a fine-stringed music piece. Yet he would not know tonic root from birthwort, or creeping myrtle from sassy bark.

Once he went to the Poakes' late in the afternoon to have a little corn ground. He stayed the night, because it was late. When he came home in the morning, Lebanon said nothing, for she knew nothing to say. How could he wish to sleep under another roof without her? How could he have fallen asleep—for she could not! They might have had their little ripples, but still—but still—

Once she got out the old crimson bodice and spangled skirt and put them on to eat supper. She fringed her hair and piled her back hair high on her head and stuck a blue riband bow in the knot. She creamed her face and powdered it and rouged her cheeks. They were sitting at supper, and Fernald was pleased, though he was too stubborn to say so or to kiss her.

Then who should come to the door but Erwin and Estis Poake! They stood dumb-faced in the door, looking at Lebanon. She asked them in, and they sat and talked, though any fool could feel Fernald's displeasure. Never in all their lives had they seen anything so beautiful as Lebanon seemed to them!

When they were gone, Fernald was in a torment.

"So you were expecting them!" he thundered. "You expected me to be gone, doubtless. And what if I had been gone—what? A pity a man must keep close home to keep his name clean."

Fernald stamped and shouted. He was scarcely himself, for he had drunk too much of the mulberry morat. Lebanon's eyes blazed. She tore off the bodice, scarce troubling the buttons.

"I did this for you!" she said solemnly, holding tight her tongue with her teeth.

"You are a liar," he said.

She told him he was mean and little then, and wept half the night because of what she had told him. He never believed her, and she never forgot.

Fernald did not have anything more to say about the twins coming over. If he had a hard word for her, Lebanon would stiffen her hands on whatever they might be holding, and her eyes would fill with a sad and bitter light.

Fernald excused his little trickery with women, as a man will. Was it his fault if women found him nimble of foot and gallant at handing them about in dancing measures? Could he be blamed if he liked to toss Priscilla about when the twins beat their guitars in a dance tune? Was it his fault if she took his hands and kissed his lips for good luck, so that he could not forget the kiss?

Not for anything on earth would he have hurt Lebanon. Yet now to him his own house was dulled and dark, well-nigh sullen, when he came home to it from the glass-chimneyed candles and merrymounts of Mercierville.

THINGS got no better. The way to cause a man to drink all the harder is to call him a fool, a weakling, and a criminal against his family, and people said all those things of Fernald. Most of Fernald's trouble came from the fact that he did not work enough. He would come home reeking of wine, his pretty waistcoat soiled, his twilled pantaloons spotted, and his silk stock flowing. Lebanon took off his boots and beat up a pillow for him to lay his head on. If he was much disturbed inwardly, she gave him a pinch of calabar-bean powder to cause him to sleep off his drunken megrims. She handed him a cup of mulse to wash out the bitter taste.

She pitied him at such times, and she despised him, yet she hid her feelings even from herself. She would go and curry Miranda where the saddle had worn since Fernald had put it on, yesterday or the day before, or the day before that. Unless some kind man that loved horses had unsaddled the little mare at the hitching rack, she stood saddled while Fernald was in town. Somebody would set Fernald on her back and she would plod west with him, or he would have a blinking interval and climb to her saddle, and slip, and climb again.

A worse worry than his drinking was his spending money as though it were spring water, always flowing.

Sometimes they quarreled bitterly now. They quarreled over Miranda, when Fernald loved her as much as Lebanon did. Or they quarreled over whether beans should go here, and pumpkins yonder, or the other way round. Fernald stayed longer in town, and Lebanon grieved. Sometimes she thought: I will leave him and go back home to Papa. But East was not home any more, and she had no way to go home, and she did not wish to leave Fernald, for Fernald was part of her, the greater part.

Now Lebanon had full excuse for trapping much as she might ever desire. Fernald would not know if she stayed ever so long by the river. Sometimes he was gone for as long as a week.

The winter of that third year deepened, and Lebanon got furs aplenty, black and shiny as satin, or streaked in silver, like Miranda's flank. Before Hallowmas she had hollowed a dugout, burning it out slowly as she had seen Crease do long ago, heaping and tending oak coals in little places on the wood.

When the boat was done, Miranda dragged it to the river's edge for her. Lebanon shoved it out across the sand, and it rode bravely and truly on the slow current. She drove a stake to tether it to shore. Here in this west country she required a longer pole, for the river was deep in places. It took time and careful reckoning to ride this river, and long practice; otherwise the river was little different from a swamp current. Before another summer she learned to catch the currents rightly; she learned to judge deep water and shallows. Soon she could ride this river as she had ridden those lost swamp waters, Crooked Arm and Lebdebby Slough and Dead Man's Water.

Fernald no longer brought her gifts from Mercierville. He brought only himself, sodden and piteous. Rightly speaking, he did not even bring himself, for Miranda brought him. Twice travelers found him ditched, and roped him to his saddle, and so he came home like a half-dead man from a war, drooling and weeping and saying he never had a chance.

"You have a chance any time, any new moment," Lebanon stormed. "Turn down the next glass. Keep away from Mercierville. Stay here with me, and we will pull things around together."

Somewhere along in these days another cunning came to her. Now and then she knew happenings before they came to being. A voice would speak with her, and first she would cast its prophecy out, accounting herself too old to be troubled by unheard voices. Still the voice would wheedle her against her will. Long ago she could smell rain far off. Many a man can do that. Long ago she could smell game and name it. But now this further sense was more keen and more deeply grown. Standing against the wind, near a run, she could swear deer were

on the browse a little way beyond, before she could catch the least sound of their hoofs. These little knowledges were somewhat of a curse, for by such a sense she knew that Fernald was trafficking with Priscilla Poake.

Once Priscilla told her of losing a ruby stone from a finger ring, and before she gave the matter any thought at all, Lebanon said:

"Look in your meal barrel when you go home."

Priscilla went home and looked in the meal barrel, and there, in the first handful of meal she picked up, was the little ruby stone. Lebanon had known the stone would be there, though she could not have told how she knew it.

She could trap a weasel because she could guess the tracking he would make this night. She could foretell rain or sun for tomorrow by a feel in her bones. There was an inner hidden ear within her head, an understanding of things, a certain knowledge.

She was sure a child was growing before she had any reason to suspect.

She did not tell Fernald of this certainty. He might consider her peculiar—and she was shy of this child, somehow. She did not sicken. She trapped as always.

After a time there came the sign.

Like a wild thing, she took the secret to the woods with her. Fernald was gone a week in Mercierville and the house was cold. Lebanon and Lady lay in the woods, with a wild fire for company. She thought of Sebastian back there among clattering cobbles and boardwalks. Now he might be with Lucie Birdsong, beyond stifling window drapes, eating from silver trenchers. Would he have been like Fernald in Mercierville while the child grew within her?

Not till later would she tell Fernald of it. This was his possession which she hid within herself. Would he be displeased?

A new and forgiving affection took hold on her heart. I shall tell him, and this will make all things straight betwixt us. I am cursed by moods and contrariness. Now things will be different. In many ways I have failed him, and I could not seem to remedy my failings. If he has failed me, neither could he remedy it. This child will remedy every crooked matter.

Lebanon had Fernald write to her father of the coming child, and how happy life was in this new country, how pleasantly situated she was by all considerations. Crease never saw the letter, for there came to Fernald notice that Crease Fairgale had departed this life, having passed away in his sleep of a stomach malady.

For a reason she did not know, Lebanon had Fernald write to Roanoke Carter of her father's death and the child's coming, and after some months there came a missive from Roanoke Carter, scribed in blue ink and trailing curls and loops, and she spoke of "deep happiness" and "unheard-of delight" and "a little son" and "a little daughter" and "your dear father" and "your old home" and "your fine husband."

The child was born in the year '36.

That was the year the comet came and did not destroy the earth, after all. There was a conflagration in New York City, and bloody talk from the abolitionists.

There was a lot happened that year. One of the longest railroads in the country was opened from Wilmington to Weldon in Carolina. One hundred and sixty-one miles one could ride, and turn around and ride back again! This south country was opening up and filling in.

LEBANON did not see much of anyone any more.

In the last week of the secret life within her, she tended traps miles from home. Fernald had gone into Mercierville, and she loaded musket and tinder box in the dugout and, missing the down current, rowed upriver, past graybeard points of land and whited sand bars, and tupelo swamps. She made camp by a brown-water branch that crept softly into the river there. She caught six quail in the old snare in half an hour, and loosed four of them again. She set the fishing line and lay waiting, stretched on the coarse white sand of the river bar. From here she could see if a fish jerked the line. The two slain quail lay cooling in a pannikin of cool water, picked and ridded. When the fish were caught, there'd be supper aplenty for Lady and Lebanon, and ashcake left over.

The stirring of the child troubled her comfort now and then, but she gave that trouble little mind, save to wish the child might be born this hour, so that she might lay eyes on it at last. The child's growth had been no great burden. An ungrown woman might squinch and shed tears, but this was only a little weariness, a differing ailment such as a head cold or a case of megrims might be.

Somehow the child's presence with her had imbued Lebanon with a sort of sadness. Carrying a child will sometimes burden a woman with the ponderous woes of all the earth; such a pregnancy is somewhat like a fulsome growth in a man's mind when he brings to birth a thought or a deed that will color some number of centuries.

Fernald blamed himself not so much as one small jot that he stayed so much in Mercierville and so little at home. She would not stay at home, and she heavy with child! She had little to say to him. For Fernald there was too wide a difference in this gloomful house and the bright-candled tavern in Mercierville. What if he had slipped down from flirting with women of class and manners to the low company of gaudier females with louder mouths and brighter eyes and bolder hands, and little heart left—only a body and a crying hunger, like his own?

Yet if these women seemed to fail in contenting him, they would try the harder till one would weep to see the sight. Lebanon scarce chided Fernald. She looked briefly on his leaden eyes and loose tongue. He had given up his search for strength and means to build a white-pillared mansion. He suffered no grief over its loss, so far as she could judge. Fernald was a least bit afeared of Lebanon's quiet, so deep nothing could get past its barrier. Fear of his wife helps no man's love for her.

In truth, word had gone slowly about that Fernald d'Aussy had married him a woman that would poison him for a little bit of nothing—for she was a wild, hate-tempered woman, they said. She was a queer sort, Simon Poake told people in Mercierville. She would look on one

sullenly, and would go with scarce a leave-taking. His boys, now, Erwin and Estis, they thought the sun rose and set in her. They would fight for her, but he had in a way told his boys to keep away from her. You know how folks' tongues are. . . . You cannot watch your sons too closely, and Fernald d'Aussy was seldom at home.

He had warned his boys, Simon said, and they blushed to the roots of their hair, as though they were guilty indeed. They looked at him solemn as owls. You would think there was indeed a rain and lightning-flash history

between them and Lebanon d'Aussy, as maybe there was indeed.

Never did Simon Poake have the least intention of harm when he said those little things about Mistress d'Aussy.

If Lebanon had gone into town and been one of the people, they would have seen that her eyes blinked and rolled and shut down and opened like any other woman's, that her legs walked her about where she wished to go, that her tongue spoke English, that she would fondle a lost child and help him find home, that she would wrap an old man against cold even with her own cloak, that she would feed a sick hound and note a bird flying.

But Lebanon stayed home, and her name was a whisper and a wraith; "the Frencher's woman," they called her.

The child was born quietly as any wild thing—with only the little dog to stand watch, with only the listening trees to attend.

Suddenly Lebanon knew her time was upon her, and it was fifteen miles of poling between her and home. There were three more weeks to go, or two, but she would never go them. She gathered moss and made her bed. She filled a pot at the river and warmed it so there would be water to wash him in when he was born. There was bear grease in a little pot, and that would do to soothe his new skin against the harsh air of this world. She readied the knife to give him his freedom from her. After that there was only pain and more pain, and retching pain, till pains crowded to strip her limbs of flesh. Yet this was sound pain, manful and clean, for the child caused it.

She held him near to her all the hours of the day and night. He lay at her breast while she fed the fire, dipped water, stirred mush with one hand. A woman needs no more than one hand, anyhow. When he was a little older she would put him on a backboard, like the Indians.

He was three days old and her milk was plenteous for him when Fernald first saw him.

When Fernald saw the child, its small dark face framed in a wrap of beaver, she felt pity for him. A light came from far off into his eyes, and there it grew and grew till it was washed in tears. His hands became cold, and they trembled as they took his son to hold.

"Pardee," he said softly, "and I was gone and no father to make him welcome."

Wine scent was strong in his mouth. He laid his head forward on the bundled body of his child and wept.

She never told that this child was not born in this house, that the wide sky and deep earth had first welcomed him. It was so unheard a thing to bear a child in open woods, so Indian-y a thing to do. She would never tell how Timothy was born; it might lead to idle talk of her, she thought, and she would have no least improper whisper ever to touch this child or his mother or his father, or anything in all his life. Fernald must, once for all, turn down his glass after this.

When next Fernald rode to Mercierville, he remembered his old way of gift-making, and brought the child play trinkets of shells and plaster, and a wooden doll with jointed legs, wired to step and sit; and a painted china doll head for Lebanon to sew and stuff a body to. In his mind he brought a plan for a trundle bed he had seen carved of polished cocobolo, with two small angels hovering in its hood. They could copy the cradle from his mind. In the old days he would have bought the cradle, but now the wind whistled through his pigskin purse. Now Erwin and Estis would have to make the thing!

His breath did not smell of wine when he came home this time. Not one drink had he downed—and the town marveled.

"My father's name was Timothy," Fernald said to Lebanon. "Would that suit?"

"I do so think Timothy would be a fair name for him," Lebanon said, "and Fernald added to it, too, for you."

Fernald looked deep into her eyes, and he kissed her forehead as one might kiss a saint's forehead.

Finally Fernald said:

"A good wife you've been, Lebanon," and he said it no more grudgingly than a shy man will.

"Why not," she asked, "with so gentle a man for a husband?"

Timothy grew carelessly, as a solitary windflower will grow in a sweet place, in seeming indifference to cloud and sun, yet taking wet and warmth and earthy richness to himself. Like a bright green weed, his sap of life came from beyond himself, asking no careful nursing. Yet he received every care.

Lebanon bore him through the woods when he was but a few weeks old, when he could first hold straight his head on the supple length of his spine. There was nothing of a weakling about him. He held his little face straight, and his neck was delicate as a woman's wrist. His little face was dark-eyed, like Fernald's, and his lips were pinked and smiling. His brow was like Lebanon's and his eyes had the flashing quality of her smiling.

BY THE time of summer, Timothy was learning the calling of words. "Duff!" he commanded when he wished the water gourd brought to the level of his mouth. "Murmu!" he shrieked when he wished Lebanon's arms to be about him. "Favwa," he called Fernald. And never before had Fernald heard so sweet a sound from a human mouth, unless it was that time long ago when Lebanon offered herself to him, to marry him and go West with him so they could find a fortune. A fortune they had found, too!

But best of all Timothy had brought a new Fernald into being. Now he went seldom into Mercierville, and then only to sell an oversupply of lard or salt meat or eggs or potatoes, then only to bring home gifts to his family. He had not touched liquor since the first time he had laid eyes on his son. Fernald brought Lebanon gauds and trumpery now. Now and often his tongue would slip and he would call her "Honey pot" or "Trinket," as a very lover might do! Lebanon would pretend never to note the love word, but, womanlike, it would so enrich her love for him that it is no wonder her face burned like a light in a dark room! This is sane happiness, she would tell herself. My love for Sebastian was always impossible and insane.

This manner of living was contentful. Here was the child, and Fernald worked at anything needful. This year's corn was near a failure because of a big wind that laid it flat in June, but the hogs were doing well, and the garden patch was favored by heavy rains. Lebanon had a heavy catch of pelts from last winter, and they had plenty to trade. If hard cold withered the greens patch, it thickened the fur for the traps. The earth with-

held one palm and extended the other. Somehow, by one means or another, they would always be safe.

Fernald had taken new hope in all of living. The pride he took in his son! He brought home a Dillworth's Speller, a squeaky slate, and numbering beads and a New Testament before the child was even eleven months old! To Lebanon, because she was the child's mother, he brought a basket of purple figs and green leaves, painted on stiffened cloth, and she hung it on the wall over the fire, and it was a new beauty to the room.

Lebanon purposed to learn her letters and number work when Fernald began to teach Timothy. They had held various cravings for themselves, but now they wished things for Timothy. In Paris, Timothy could learn to paint canvases, Fernald would promise himself. In Germany he could learn the stern beauty of pure thought. In England he could learn theology and how to pray and how to build a cathedral, even. In Salamanca he could learn surgery. It was a great care upon Fernald's mind, wondering where to send Timothy to learn most.

"Across the ocean?" Lebanon said softly. "Fernald!"

"He could sail from Baltimore. It would take three or four years for him to learn—"

"Baltimore!" Lebanon repeated.

"When he comes back, the green on any tree will be velvet to him, and he can tell us all the poets ever said, and why; he can prove a geometry theorem in sand with a little twig in his hand. He could preach, or teach in a university."

Suddenly Lebanon felt old and discarded. "He will be ashamed of me, Fernald. I do not even know how to read and write. I would not even sit in the last row when he preached."

"Oh, he would be proud of you. He would say: 'Gentlemen, this is my mother.' "

That is how they talked.

Lebanon made a muslin coat for the books, and using every care, she tried to study out the markings in the books, but soon she decided herself too old and laid away the books in their black muslin jackets till Timothy should be old enough to begin to learn with Fernald. Timothy would just have to go without her to Europe to a university. She would go down by the river and think of him.

Of nights, Fernald would hold the drowsing Timothy in his arms and would read from the old Bible—where Timothy's name was set in the middle, in the Family Record, where Fernald and Lebanon's marriage was recorded; Fernald had brought the old book from East, and their record was firm and secure in its fat middle.

Always Lebanon would sigh a little when Fernald softly closed the Book and hushed from saying the solemn, golden words of God—slow-flowing words telling of the seven lamps of fire burning before the heaven-high throne—and the four angels at the corners of the earth, holding all the winds of earth. It was a wonder to Lebanon how the angels could gather those prayers—those feeble, breathless prayers—and keep them in vials. Did God keep them to reply to later, as a tradesman will file an order and send it on in due time?

DEEP summer came and the air stilled.

Along that time the little dog sickened. Lebanon saw no thing go wrong suddenly. They walked to the river—she and Lady and Timothy together, as they had gone a thousand times. They walked home again, the fish basket heavied on Lebanon's arm.

In an hour Lady huddled in at the back door, crawling feebly toward Lebanon, swollen so that she could scarcely crawl. The swelling was greatest on her jaw, but from there poison of some kind had spread mightily through her body.

Lebanon set Timothy down to toddle and took the kitchen knife and slit Lady's jaw where two little darts of fangs showed on the little dog's tough white skin. Then she poured in spirits of turpentine, as good a blood bleach as there be.

Lady did not whimper under Lebanon's hands. She shivered and held her head closer to Lebanon. She lay on the pallet Lebanon laid for her near the fire; she was shivering from some deep ague of the blood.

Till her eyes were swollen shut, she held her eyes fast set on Lebanon's. Now and then she would turn her head restlessly toward Timothy's prattle. It was as though she grieved to leave him alone in this world's great danger and she not here to protect him.

Lebanon could not judge what thing had so poisoned her. There were the pricks of fangs—two red dots like a quill's stickings—but whether they were a scorpion's or a snake's, who could say? Lady was a healthy body—maybe she would over it, Lebanon told herself passionately, refusing to give up hope. If the swelling would abate, Lady might live yet. She knew nothing to do further than the lancing and the drench of turpentine.

Her own breast was laboring now, to bring forth a prayer:

"You saints—You, God, there—You know I cannot say the proper words . . . It is so little to ask, when you ask for a little dog to live. You would never miss this one small thing, living or dead."

Timothy watched Lebanon, his mouth fallen open. Never before had he seen tears on his mother's bright face.

"God!" Lebanon called the more loudly. "You've got to let this one little dog live. I will do anything You say after this. I will not forget. I have not got another friend like this beast."

Lady raised her head piteously toward Lebanon and rolled sidewise to lay her paw on Lebanon's thigh.

The little dog was dying now and swiftly.

Lebanon set her arms about Lady.

"It will soon be over," she said. "It will soon be over."

She laid her face in the struggling fur; in long stroking she soothed the dog's shudders till the shuddering ceased.

DEEP summer came upon them, and the air stilled yet more—for the great earth was now in travail with fruit and grain, tuber and bearded weed, cypress ball and pear. Dread murmurs came from Orleans. Even out past Orleans and the river, the Pest was rampant in Louisiana, among Indians and whites. Carts began to come eastward, rumbling over the wooden planking of the bridge at the Poakes', willing to pay any toll if the Poakes would let them through. The carts found scant welcome as they passed eastward. Only physicians and the fathers of Roman faith and the Quakers and preaching Methodists—in fact, those men with strong religion of some sort—had courage to face that thing out. Tavern-keeps spurned money from people coming in from the West, and constables kept their distance and said, "Move on! Move on now! We mean no harm—but you move on!"

The air of day was thunderous and heat-heavy. The air of night was black and evil-smelling. The earth cried for rain. The sky was brassy and cruel, cupping the world in close, hot terror. The mosquitoes were never worse. Lebanon could not go out into the dark toward the outhouse that they did not swarm on her, for all the grease and pennyroyal juice. Carefully she kept Timothy inside the barred and shuttered house by day and night. Fernald and Lebanon left the house only to feed Miranda and Juno and the chickens and pigs, to dig a few potatoes for dinner or gather a few greens. Not for a pretty sum would they have gone onto that Pike yonder.

Late in a night there was a thudding at the door. They could hear the whimpering of a child.

Fernald would not open up that door, and Lebanon would not ask him to. Dead silence was in this room, and beyond the door there was no sound but the steady whimpering of a little child. A fist thudded strongly at the door again.

Fernald rose softly; silent as an Indian he went to the door. That fist thudded again.

"Go away!" called Fernald loudly. "Go away! We never open the door after dark, no matter who comes."

A woman's voice spoke out there in the hot dark.

"We are from the East," it said. "My father is illed in Orleans and we are traveling there. My child is fevered with his gums and I was wondering if you could spare me a pinch of purge. The ferry-keep's wife—Poake is the name, I believe—said you had a child in the house and that you might help out. If we could stay till morning, we'd pay you handsomely enough. Your

own child might be illed one day and far from home. I'd take it as very gracious of you if you should consent to help me."

Lebanon stirred her head suddenly. She had heard that voice before, and never any doubting it. That was the woman—the woman who was from Virginia. That was Roanoke Carter who married that slovenly tavern-keep.

"Lebanon, I am Roanoke Carter," the voice called. "God will bless you if you aid me. He will bless your little son. The woman at the bridge said you had a little son."

Lebanon held still her tongue. This was Fernald's house, and if he opened the door, he would open it. If he never lifted the latchet, the door would remain shut.

"Fernald?" Lebanon whispered.

"Yes?" he replied, whispering through the dark.

They desperately sought agreement, each with the other. Neither of them knew any word to speak. And each was thinking: To be so cold-boweled might bring worse punishment upon us than the very Pest.

Fernald's hands were tight on the door bar as he lifted it.

The woman came in to the fire, and neither Fernald nor Lebanon remembered to speak any word of welcome. Roanoke's husband followed her in, saying not a word.

The man was much the same, no less gross-seeming, no less fat; the only difference was that now his face was piteous, too. His red beard was a bush about his mouth and chin, but his eyes were clear and anguished.

With one hand Roanoke Carter laid off the little black bonnet that sat like a dead-winged blackbird about her head.

The child was still whimpering, its face under a corner of its mother's cloak.

"She is not greatly illed," the child's mother said, holding the corner of the black cloak in her hand, her face torn betwixt a desperate lie and love for truth.

"Forgive me," she said suddenly, her lips firm.

Roanoke bowed her head on the bundle hidden under her cloak. "I never dreamed this would be your house," she lied bravely.

Lebanon respected her lie, her courage, and her cowardice.

Roanoke began to weep, slowly and in difficulty. It was then that Lebanon and Fernald knew.

Lebanon stood a moment as though death held back her steps. Then she took one little step forward and took the child from Roanoke Carter's arms.

"No man ever escaped the will of God," she said, "so no need for any of us to try."

Timothy was yonder, asleep in the bed, one arm lying careless over his head. Beside him lay a pretty-poll Erwin Poake had carved with a face to it, and wooden hair painted gold, and a pretty face painted white, with lips and cheeks of red.

NOW Roanoke was past weeping. "I was desperate," she said; "I had no place to go. Not one soul would sell us so much as a gourdful of cool water for this baby. Our child must die because of the cruelty of human beings who have children of their own and yet would not help us. The Poakes would not even open the door. I asked them who lived hereabouts, and they said your name."

"You are from West, then?" Lebanon asked suddenly.

"We had to leave Ulster," Roanoke said, "where we were when you came through. We went to Orleans, and were doing well, and then the trouble started . . ."

Lebanon went and got out a small lancet and breached the child's temple and allowed it to bleed. A man can do no more than try; let out some of this filthy blood was the first thing she knew to do.

"Hold your heart still," Lebanon said. "She is in the hands of God."

It was then that Fernald preached for the first and last time in all his life. He said some of those words Lebanon liked to hear read out of the Book:

"'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,'" he said. "That is what the Bible says."

They were all suddenly dumbly soothed.

Lebanon carried the child in the crook of her arm as though it were her own. She mixed a clyster and a blister and warm oil to rub life back into the clammy limbs of the little girl baby.

"You must get yourself together," Lebanon told Roanoke. "Fernald, heat her some milk to drink. Now get calm, Roanoke, for before you know it, she will be hungry and you in no condition to feed her."

The child's father could not think of a word to say, but he held Roanoke's hands.

The baby whimpered less, for Lebanon had given her near to half a man's dose of laudanum. Her fever still was high, and her mother only a little less near to madness.

Now and then Roanoke's hand would reach and cling like a claw to Lebanon's sleeve.

"I lied to you," she pleaded. "I lied to you. Never did I lie before."

"I'd not give it leave to worry me," Lebanon said. "Doubtless I should have done the same. The Pest rides the wind, they say. If a filthy wind rides down on us, we could not prevent it."

That child lived, that Virginia Carter, thirteen months and two days old.

"We'll go home and face the rest of the way out," Roanoke said, her face and hands and eyes worshiping this place where her child had found life again. She took Lebanon's right hand in her two hands and said her thanks. "I will slave and send you a gift," she said. "If I knew and could, I would do the hardest thing there is before you to do—I would do it for you so gladly."

"Wonder what that hardest thing will be I must do," wondered Lebanon.

TIMOTHY sickened. Lebanon gave him a purge powder. She held him close and felt his flesh grow hot under her hand, and cool, and hotter again.

She called Fernald from the corncrib where he was clearing out and mending against the autumn harvest. The crops had never done so well that he could recollect.

"Timothy has a little fever," she said, never meeting Fernald's eyes. "It is a new tooth growing, doubtless. He has still some jaw teeth to come in."

"God be merciful," Fernald whispered, losing his voice for the moment.

"Be calm," she said, her own voice shaking.

They worked with every knowledge they knew. It was so far to Mercierville, and only Priscilla Poake's ministrations this side of Mercierville. Fernald wet a cloth in cold well water and wiped Timothy's brow and legs and wrists till one would think he would wear the skin away.

Fernald seemed more upset over Timothy than was Lebanon. His breaths came near to sobs, his hands shook, and when he was not wiping away the heat from Timothy's body on an old white cloth, he sat with his face in his hands. He would go out and come in again and go out again, and it seemed as though he could not bear this thing happening to his son.

Never had Lebanon been so dumb of sight and blind of heart. Finally Fernald came in and leaned on the doorjamb. Sweat stood in little stopped rivers on his brow; his lips were blue and quivering.

"I am afraid I cannot stay up any longer," he said. "You must go into town and find somebody. You must go by the Poakes' and get one of the twins to help you take Timothy to town. Go in a hurry," he said. His face had a sullen, yellowish tinge.

Lebanon rose suddenly, and never did she forgive herself for not having seen poor Fernald's agony before. He had tended this child with her these past hours, and she was so concerned over Timothy that she did not see his father's face. Fernald had been the man not to tell her, for he, too, was more concerned over the child on her knees.

She laid the baby on the bed and went and grasped Fernald's hands and helped him to the bed. There was not one word to say, and if there had been a thousand words, her tongue could not have pronounced them now. She held his hands hard and took him inside her arms. She helped him to the bed and laid him down, offed his boots and dragged away his outer garments. He moaned and then held quiet.

Timothy, lying carelessly sidewise across the bed, wailed ceaselessly. Fernald closed his eyes.

"Bring me some rags, any old matter. I cannot rise any more. I think I am dying, Lebanon. Get back to Timothy," he said. "I will see to myself."

Thin tears stole from his shut eyes and paced slowly past his temples and into his hair where white had fallen, and lay fixed. Fernald was no more a dandy. He had not dyed his hair brown again since Timothy was born.

"I have been true to you," he said, "—that is, since Timothy was born." He was speaking brokenly, as though he were very drunken.

"You always were true to me, and I know it," she said.

"Murmu—Murmu—Murmu," Timothy wailed incessantly.

"I will go now," she told Fernald, when he could scarce hear even the sound of her voice. "I will be back in a very little while."

Lebanon set the bridle on Miranda's head. She bestrode the little mare and set her to a long, broken gallop. At the tollhouse there was Simon Poake in the door of the mill, to see what this fast set of hoofs brought.

Priscilla came to the back door of the tollhouse, her hands meshed in dough. "What's up?" she called.

"I need help," Lebanon declared stolidly. "Fernald and Timothy are illed and I need a physician."

"What ails them?" asked Simon Poake, hard-tongued, though he had a kind face.

Now she could know why Roanoke Carter lied. "They have a stomach distemper," she said.

"It's the Pest," Priscilla shrieked.

Lebanon turned her head once this way and again that way, as a slave eases his throat under a galling collar.

"Yes," Lebanon said. And she looked Priscilla Poake straight in the eyes.

"God's mercy!" Priscilla shrieked, her doughy hands going to her hair and leaving remnants of wet dough all about her face. "Get from here! Do you hear me? Get from here!"

"I need help," Lebanon said, her tongue clipping like a lancet. "Have you lived so carelessly, Priscilla Poake, that you are so afeared of death? Look at me. I am not afraid of it. God hears me say it."

"Go!" Priscilla screamed. "Do you know what they say of you all over Mercierville? Everybody knows what you are!"

Lebanon's heart cringed. I could tell you some things they say of you, too, she thought savagely. "Where are the twins?" Lebanon asked, her body sagging.

"You are after them again, then?" Priscilla called, fear bright in her voice.

Simon Poake spoke up:

"The twins are in Mercierville, trading," he said. Anything to hush these women's tongues.

"Would you go and stay with them till I can go to Mercierville and find a physician?" Lebanon asked Simon desperately, since his voice had some kindness in it.

He grubbed his shoe toe in the earth; his meal-whitened face had a kindness on it, beyond any doubt.

"I cannot do it," he said, "and you know I cannot." He was ashamed for something, he did not know what.

Priscilla's arms were akimbo. Her tongue spit words in cat's anger.

"I should say you cannot," she screamed, too loud for any but deaf ears. "Come in this house, Simon Poake. That's what you get, being friends with that Frencher's woman."

Lebanon didn't argue any more. She knew she had to get to Mercierville in a hurry now, since there was no help anywhere nearer.

LEBANON stood in the tavern door, her hair awry on the crown of her head, her face bleached in desperate hope. To the eyes of those within, her face had the look of hell in it—no matter what any neutral eye might have judged it to be.

Lebanon looked toward the men, making her face to sit as firmly as she could.

"My husband and my child are sickened," she said. "Could you tell me where I could find some sort of physician or nursing woman?"

She leaned hard on the side of the door, wilting. She could feel hate around her.

The tavern-keep got his voice at last.

"Get out of here!" he said, and flung his arm toward the door.

"I am willing to pay!" Lebanon said, her mouth as firm as his.

"Begone!" he shouted, as though he cried down many loud words her mouth was speaking against him.

She held still her tongue.

The tavern-keep dropped his eyes and turned back to the other men, who were cowering like thunderstruck cattle.

Miranda stood hitched to the rack, her eyes gentled and closed in weariness, her sides cooling; her belly was blowing still from the long, hard ride.

Lebanon leaned on the little mare's blowing side, and Miranda turned her head about to see what Lebanon could be doing, riding like a hallion so far, then leaning like an old woman here at her belly. Never before had Miranda been called upon to make such a ride.

Then it was that Lebanon felt a hand on her shoulder.

"I am going, I am going—I am going," she said, as a child might repeat repentance for his misdeed.

The hand lay still on her shoulder.

"You be coming on home with me now," a woman's voice said.

This old woman was Sheba Johann. She kept house for a preacher, Jairus Mountjoy, who held school on weekdays.

Jairus Mountjoy spent himself earlier and later than did even Sheba, for he would go and plow a sick man's field or dig a widow's potatoes for her. He gave a young man a gold eagle he had cherished half his life so the young man could go North and make a study of pharmaceutics. Sheba would quarrel roundly at the world putting so much on one man when all the others did so little.

There was a room in Jairus Mountjoy's house that was kept freshly aired and clean-sheeted for any that might have no other bed; a man with the pox had died there, and half a dozen women had borne children there.

The shack where they lived was set in a grassy lane that went down from the main street. There were three little rooms in it—one for the stranger, whosoever he might be, one for Jairus to sleep in, and to preach in on Sabbath mornings and tutor in on weekday mornings, and at the back there was a little place where Sheba

cooked and slept. There was a red-mantled couch at the side of the room where Jairus slept, when he slept; you could see his candle till dawn, for when he was finished with reading, he set the candle in the window to burn till dawn, to guide strangers there and let them know he was ready and waiting.

"Come on home with me," Sheba said and set her arm about Lebanon's shoulder.

Lebanon climbed toward Miranda's back.

"My husband and child are illed of the Pest and I came here for help," Lebanon said wearily.

"Where is your place?" asked Sheba.

"You turn at Poake's Bridge, then south by two mile," Lebanon replied methodically. Then suddenly she heard what Sheba had said.

"You cannot come," she said. "The Pest is at my house."

"I will be there with all dispatch," Sheba said. "I'm as good a physician as walks a street in Philadelphia—or at least I think so." Sheba even laughed.

"You wouldn't come?" Lebanon's heart thudded and stopped. "You'd not! You'd be a fool! I was a fool. I took in a child that had the Pest, and we nursed it back to health, and now God lets my man and child die of it and never cares."

"He cares," Sheba staunchly defended her old Friend. "And who said your folks are dead? I walked into a drunk man's pistol butt once and the thing refused to fire at me, though he snapped and snapped the trigger. I fear naught but the devil, and I can outsmart him any weekday morning. You go on home, and we will be there about as soon as you are. Turn at Poake's Bridge, south by two mile." Sheba clucked her tongue. "Put a big smile on, pet. They'll need it from you."

BEFORE Sheba and Jairus got forty yards into the main street, they met the constable, Jabez Tare, coming their way.

"Mercy or no," Jabez thundered and beat his peg leg on the cobbles, "this town will not harbor a case of plague if we know of it. If you go to that woman's house, it's quarantine on you."

Jairus leaned forward a little on the side of the cart. He had taken off his wool hat in deference to the constable. Though he was only forty-eight, his face was lean and lined and meek.

"You have done your duty." Jairus was firm. "Now I shall do mine. But not in the limits of your jurisdiction. You can tell the council so."

Jabez puffed back down toward the tavern, grieving after fool men you cannot save from themselves, even with ordinances.

They went on toward Lebanon's, and before they got there Sheba began to say the Beatitudes, pronouncing them slowly and carefully: "'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . . Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. . . . Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. . . .'"

They rode into the arch of oaks where a wagon path lay. Beyond, the river shone, and the mosquitoes were beginning to buzz in the falling dark.

Erwin Poake came to meet them down that arched road, walking with his hands tight along his breeches' fringe. They were not dead, one could read in his face.

"You'd best hurry," Erwin said, and slapped the donkey's rump. He walked alongside the cart back toward Lebanon's house which he had helped to build.

The twins stood about the room which they had mostly furnished with the slow carving of their hands. They seemed unafraid of the Pest for all their mother's weeping after them. They took a tub load of soiled clothing to the wash trough and began to wash there, like two women. The fire was lit under the wash boiler, the water soon boiled. They laid their broad hands into the Pest's nuisance as though it were no more than plow soil and common summer soilure.

Lebanon was greatly ashamed of herself that she could now relax and take rest. There was not much left for her to do, with so many pairs of hands doing. But she held Timothy in her arms, sitting close beside Fernald's head, and she spoke to Fernald again and again, and loosed her hand from Timothy's legs and held to Fernald's hands.

The room seemed far removed from her. These others were as strangers indeed. She watched them, wondering a little upon their strange forms. This was her face, her hand; that was Erwin there beside the fire, and Estis begging her to lie down and sleep. There was the preacher from Mercierville, and never so kind a face, and Sheba Johann, mother to a thousand people.

"I will hold Timothy and never take my eyes from his face, if you will lie down and rest," Estis swore.

But Lebanon would not.

Timothy had hushed his walling. Now he lay snoring sharply, his breaths like quick puffs from a bellows. His eyes were shut and his limbs were lax.

Jairus took the child from Lebanon's arms.

"Let us lay him down," he said. "He will get his breath better flat."

Only when Jairus spoke would Lebanon give Timothy to the cradle.

The little cluster of people in the cabin hovered before her while Timothy went down through the dark to the shore where maybe there was a boat such as Lebanon's

dugout moored on a river. They watched him go, and it was as though his little breaths plucked breath from their own lungs and spent it.

Lebanon bowed her head on the cradle head, and it swayed once under her weight and then straightened again.

Jairus Mountjoy held to Timothy's pulse till it was gone, and it was like a narrow ribbon fluttering in a dry wind.

Jairus' voice was gentle as a bell tolling. "You will not give under to this grief. You will hold your spirit firm. This is God's will. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away . . .'"

He motioned to Estis to help Lebanon away from the cradle, rocking under her tight-folded arms and hidden face.

Lebanon lifted her face once more. "He was so sweet," she said, and stopped.

Jairus' tongue went slowly on:

"You will feel strength come from beyond yourself. You will feel it fill and overflow your heart. You will bear this because you are strong. You will bear yet more if it be God's will."

He looked hard to Fernald's darkened face while Sheba ministered to the sick man. Jairus took out his shambled Word of God and leafed it carefully, thinking what this woman might like to hear now, now that her little son was dead.

"Read of that woman that walked the moon," Lebanon said.

He found that part of the Word, for he knew where it was in the Book. He began to read, and the words went slowly in tall and lovely forms.

Fernald used to read her those same words, and now he lay so low to death that they could scarce catch his breath on a mirror. He was alive, Jairus Mountjoy said, clinging to that pulse—while Sheba bathed and poulticed, stood and sat and worked incessantly. Lebanon's mind was clear, for she could still hear Timothy weeping out there in the deep cold. She went on listening for Timothy's tears, and she would listen for them for a long while.

Within her there were a thousand thirsts now, never to be healed: to hold him again, to hear him whimper and hush him against her breast, to see his eyes open mildly and close down again, sleeping in a long smile.

Lebanon could scarce bear to look in Fernald's face—and then she knew he could never discover this death. He was past knowing or caring.

Now she wished she were a fainting woman. It would be a mercy to sink into nothingness even for a moment.

She leaned her head on the back of the chair and closed her eyes. Estis' hand lay light on her hair, and Erwin handed her the gourd and told her to take a drink of water.

She kept listening for the sound of Timothy's crying, and there was no whimper of it. Estis' hand was gentle on the top of her head. He was standing behind her chair, his fingers beginning to move in her hair, as one carelessly caresses a dog that is half asleep. Estis' fingers went slowly round and round, moving like fern fronds in water, and the water deepened and warmed.

She fell sidewise, and Estis caught her head with his hands and gathered her up and laid her out beside Fernald.

"She's fevered, preacher," was all that Estis said.

Erwin looked at his twin, sat quietly down on a stool and looked away into the fire.

A FAR way off, a very long distance from her face, Lebanon heard sound breaking, softly, as a moon breaks on black water. Tremendous burdens lay upon her eyelids; monstrous weights lay on her flesh, pressing from it all but strong thirst. It was as though a still flame, now unfed, filled the space where her body had lain. She strove to cry for water, but a weight lay, too, on her mouth. She lifted her eyelids a little.

She lay in a long wooden bed, and there were tall sides to it. There were candles at her feet, and there were candles burning behind her head, for she could see their light. Her flesh was shrouded in white. There were copper coins heavy on her eyelids and cotton stopping her ears. She could hear a low voice saying steadily: "God, have mercy on this soul which we now commit to Thee."

SHEBA stopped praying, opened her eyes, and unclasped her hands. It was for Jairus to build the coffin and dig the grave and say the sermon at the grave head. Whilst he dug the grave, she set the candles and said the prayers, because there was nobody else here to say prayers for this soul. The Poake twins were drooping out yonder beside an oak, saying nothing. They had helped Jairus to build the coffin and dig the grave; they could not help him preach or pray.

Sheba looked more narrowly toward the corpse's face. She blinked her eyes closed, then she looked again. The blue eyes of the corpse were fixed on Sheba Johann's face.

Then the dead mouth spoke huskily: "Water—water—"

"Jairus!" Sheba shrieked, the sound lost in the wind about the house.

The Pest is a hideous thing, tricky as Satan, and as cruel. It had ridden Lebanon's breast for three days and nights. Her heart thundered, went too fast for beating at the last, and stopped. Yet it must have gone on beating.

The hand glass had caught no breath of mist from her lips—though mayhap they took not sufficient care. True, her limbs had not stiffened, but many a dead man's body does not stiffen till the cold of the ground hardens it for him. One cannot stay a week about a plague house waiting for a corpse to stiffen.

They buried Timothy in one morning, and Fernald in the next morning.

Sheba and Jairus had to stay out their quarantine at Lebanon's house, as did the twins.

"Tell me every word as to their death and burial," Lebanon would plead at first, thinking words would be a soft assuagement of pain.

Jairus lied to her pleasantly, and the twins sat about with comfort over their faces. Jairus told Lebanon that Fernald called her name and that he died in his sleep, no contorting of flesh, no agonies, no suffering past enduring. "He called your name," Jairus told her truly. "He talked of a fine house where you and he were to be."

"What else did he say—what more?"

"He cited your long love for him and said that he returned it fourfold," Jairus said. "He said the house was worthy of you, and built for you, and that he could see it most clearly, and you in the hall and roses there and lilies, and finches singing," he told her truly.

"And what more?" pleaded Lebanon.

"Heaven for him," Jairus said.

Jairus' jawbone shifted a very little. The twins' hard faces looked steadily away into the river bottom. No light came into their eyes but that which burned there always.

WHEN it was time for them to go to Mercierville, their quarantine being spent, Jairus set his wool hat on the back of his head. His eyes smiled, and his lanky black hair made him look like a prophet.

"I cannot bear to be left here alone," Lebanon said, clenching her hands on the side board of the cart.

"When I was young," Jairus said, the wind in his hair and burnt-out fires burning black in his eyes, "I used to say we are born alone, we live alone, and we die alone. I thought the words had a fine and mighty sound. I preached many a sermon on such a theme. Now I have learned better and am not ashamed to admit it. We are never alone, Lebanon. We are born together. We live together, you treading my heart, I treading yours, our fists clenched in same pains and like angers, and our cheeks tight in like smiles and tears."

Lebanon laid her face in her own hands, shuddering, and shedding her tear stingily.

When the Pest struck in Mercierville, Lebanon went into town and offered to nurse any and all. Having overed the thing, it would harm her no more. She went day and night, with no more than a crust of bread and a jug of hot milk for nourishment, and no sleep but that little spent with her head upright against a chair back.

A legend grew about Lebanon's name. For five weeks she scarce ever took off her outer garments, and she slaved over any that had the Pest, just as Jairus and Sheba did.

She wished to die and go and be with Fernald and Timothy, but it was not yet her time.

Her little child was now as though dreamed, his small form an apparition endeared to her heart. Fernald, of the gentle ways and kindness, was now growing into dust. A little careless in living he might have been, yet he had taken her to his heart when she most needed him. He had come West because it pleased her to come West, and here for his pains he had found a shallow grave in a silence he hated.

On the limed jamb of the fireplace there were still Timothy's sooty fingerprints, from that last time she had scolded him for going too near the boiling pot. Never did she wash those prints away. By the back stoop there was the road cart Erwin and Estis had pegged together for him, so large as to hold Timothy, no larger. Everywhere there was remembrance of Timothy and Fernald.

Yet imperceptibly Lebanon's memories of Fernald thinned, so that though each morning seemed bleak as the last, still it was not, quite. Once a month at least Jairus rode out to see how she was doing. Never once did he say, "I love you, Lebanon," but he understood anything Lebanon might tell him. It tempted her to take him in marriage, if he should ask her. Would there be a short, bright day in her heart, married with him? Wouldn't it be a restful state to be leaning on him?

THE day came when Jairus said to her:

"I wish you to stay here with me, year on year—hold high your head, keep your face serene. I wish you to stay here with me."

She stirred her head uneasily.

"I would wish to go and forget, but I know it is better to stay and remember," she said.

The words between them were little more than the plucking of a harp string, the sound going softly away into infinitude.

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THOMAS KERNAN'S novel, **Now with the Morning Star**, begins with the tramp of Nazi boots across the corridors of Maria-Morganstern, an ancient German monastery. All of its possessions have been taken over by "the Party."

Among the monks who are thrust overnight into a Hitler-created world is Andreas Hoffman, the monastery's most skilled craftsman. Inevitably he comes into conflict with Nazi laws. In the end, we see him back at Maria-Morganstern; the monastery is now a prison.

Thomas Kernan

Once again Andreas' skill with his hands is noticed, and he is put to work mending broken farm equipment. As the Nazis see it, he is expiating his "crimes against the new Germany" by imprisonment at hard labor. In the eyes of Andreas, it adds up to good fortune that is miraculous—for to him labor and silence are forms of prayer, and are all he asks of life.

"In the mornings, when spring weather came, he worked on the farm, reserving the afternoon hours for his tasks as handy-man. This had been his routine at the abbey, in the days of the Rule. The meals, by prison dictate, were eaten in silence, and this too was the same as in the abbey days. . . . Even in his own mind, his past and his present life began to merge into a continuous stream. He was Andreas Hoffman no longer; again he was Brother Nicholas, following his vows of obedience, of poverty, of chastity, of labor and of silence."

It's a beautiful modern parable, told with great skill.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price $2.

HIGH TIME, by **Mary Lasswell**, is the story of Mrs. Feeley, Mrs. Rasmussen, and Miss Tinkham—three musty dears—who live in genial companionship at San Diego in a shack known as Noah's Ark, with a cozy view of a junk yard.

It occurs to the three old gals that it's high time they did something to aid the war effort—and with them, to think is to act. They take a war worker's children in tow, using methods that won't be found in any book on child psychology but that somehow seem effective; they domesticate a wild woman; and, to qualify a group of restaurant-starved mechanics to be blood donors, they provide meals that are masterpieces of the skillet.

Mary Lasswell

But any sense that this book makes is purely coincidental. It's a consistently funny comedy, and the kind that you're apt to remember, for its humor grows out of character rather than artificial situations or "gags."

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price $2.

PHILIP WYLIE'S Night Unto Night is a pyrotechnic sort of book, shooting sparks of ideas from every chapter. Its story is built as a platform for the intellectual fireworks, but those who don't shy away from tragedy will find in it great originality and force.

Mr. Wylie's basic theme is the triumph of character over the cruel practical jokes that Nature plays and over death itself. He is one of the few writers who can express abstract ideas in fiction and make them interesting.

Published by Farrar & Rinehart, N. Y. Price $2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

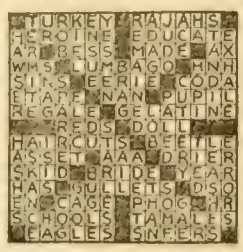
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

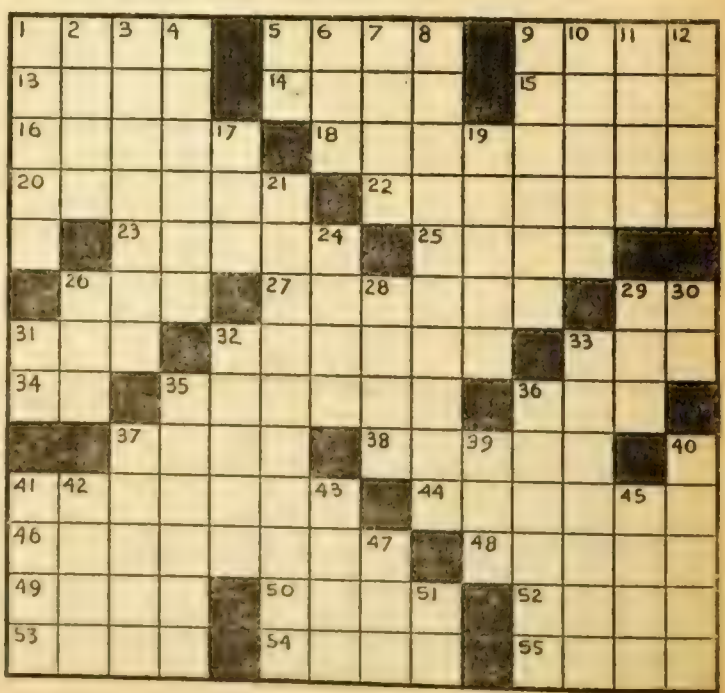
1 The chief prewar products of what city were religious articles, bronzes, mosaic, soap, glue?
5 What composer had twenty children?
9 In poker, "by" is a synonym for what?
13 Olive's family name
14 What's anger juice?
15 What's a common Xword comb. form?
16 Name the only general heard of in the Navy
18 What's cow dessert, rich in bovine vitamins?
20 What cat food's used also as infant colic cure?
22 What town is the Greek Lidice?
23 The Mohammedan equivalent of hash, or stew, is what?
25 German natural philosopher: 1779-1851
26 An equine directional impulsion
27 Despite the politicians, what k... of piece is little Joe interested in?
29 What's O. K. in kraut language?
31 Female entertainment at stag dinners is often introduced in a what?
32 Wealthy English tourists were often called what on the Continent? (sing.)
33 Complete: Woman is a flood of loveliness: —— her!
34 What's slang for a hay burner? (Shane spelling!)
35 What country is the "Silent Bulwark of American Hemispheric Solidarity"?
36 A bijou may be a what, besides a theater?
37 Name the grittiest French lady writer
38 Complete this *mot* of the '30s: It's —— to be dumb!
41 The woo pitchers of yesterday were whats?
44 What articles of wear were most commonly removed in Wall Street back in pre-F. D. R.?
46 The sixth canonical hour is what?
48 Hamlet's pop is a what in the play?
49 What boxer was known for the co(s)mic stance?
50 One who mars is said to what?
52 What country just discovered how peaceloving it is?
53 Water can't do what through oakum-calked boards?
54 Sinatra was recently assaulted with what?
55 Poor man's podrida is what?

VERTICAL

1 Hal who is Hollywood's reigning Custard Pie King?
2 The word podrida is usually seen with what other word?
3 Name a common British entree
4 What answer would a capitalist give if asked how to get a fortune? (2 wds.)
5 Steel caviar is shot from what gun?
6 Complete: Ready, ——, Fire!
7 Word for a Snerd
8 What messages are sent by sunrays?
9 What would be naked if not for the pretty gal on it?
10 Pyromaniac's favorite sport
11 Complete from W. S. Gilbert: Things are seldom what they ——, Skim milk masquerades as cream
12 Way most folks feel
17 What's 3/7ths of a million?
19 Queried
21 What's a sentence that reads same forward as reverse, such as "Able was I ere I saw Elba"?
24 Name the dog referred to in "I'd rather vote for the big man with the little dog . . ."
26 F. D. R.'s been called Mr. what?
28 Lower berths on a side-door Pullman are what in hobo lingo?
29 What sweet's found its way into musicalingo?
30 Abbreviate forenoon
31 Fill this with a blind pig
32 What're horse locks?
33 What team finished second in the American League race in '44?
35 A daytime snooze is called a what?
36 One who does what never suffers a beef shortage?
37 —— Brody dived from the Brooklyn Bridge
39 What words are commonly heard by doctors?
40 Cockeyed
41 Wars are fought with guns, peace with whats?
42 A cry of old Roman night clubs
43 What was the old Miss'ippi steamboater's chief navigating headache?
45 Rote, anagram
47 An old-time roadster was a what?
51 Lit'ry thing often found in a bottle (abbr.)



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Special Gift"—2 words that mean fond thoughtfulness

2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"

Like a kindly nature, the friendly smoothness of Walker's DeLuxe is "bred in the bone"—for this whiskey is smoothed by a special refinement in distilling. Then it is aged four full years—mellowed to a taste-delighting gentleness. That is why Walker's DeLuxe is a two-word synonym for whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

THE ROSE IN BLOOM

Continued from Page 29

of yesteryear, the Hippodrome. It cost dough to hire flame-eaters, elephants, bareback riders, zebras, tenors, high and low divas, wire walkers, and Dalmatian hounds by the gross; to pay Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur to insert golden words into the script; and to carry on simultaneous rehearsals at a Brooklyn riding academy, on the stage of the Manhattan Opera House, and in a deserted church on Forty-eighth Street. Soon Rose found he was $36,000 in the hole—his own money, too. Frantically he sought out Barney Baruch, who came up with a backer, Jock Whitney.

The legend spread that Jumbo would either make Rose or break Whitney. The show just couldn't seem to open. Kiviette, the snazzy dressmaker, after two postponements of the opening, canceled her tickets, sailed for Europe, and got back in time for two more postponements. MacArthur wisecracked that the opening was being postponed because everybody in town hadn't seen the show yet.

ON November 17, 1935, an ad in the form of an affidavit appeared in the New York papers. Rose swore on a stack of Bibles Jumbo would positively open that night. And it did. Rose, haggard from months of worry, stood in the back of the Hippodrome, swelling to twice his size while the audience rocked and rolled with the show.

Jumbo drew rave notices, but it didn't make money. When it closed, Billy heard Fort Worth was looking for a Barnum to put on an exposition. For 100 days, at $1,000 a day, he turned out a Wild West version of Jumbo, substituting horses for elephants.

He invented the Aquacade at the Great Lakes Exposition, followed by the World's Fair ditto. The former saved the Cleveland exposition, the latter was the only big show that made money at the New York World's Fair. It grossed about $11,000,000 and made $5,000,000 for Rose & Company, before taxes.

During the run of the Aquacade, Rose, divorced some time from Fanny Brice, met and married the water-show star, Eleanor Holm. The marriage still moves along ecstatically.

One night Rose was standing at the bar of his Diamond Horseshoe when Oscar Hammerstein III gave him a streamlined version of Carmen in modern clothes. The Shuberts had turned it down, but that didn't bother Billy. Carmen Jones was born—the first opera in history to run for two solid years, and a show that has made more profits than the Metropolitan Opera ever made in its entire history.

Billy explains Carmen with machine-gun clicks: "It cost $206,000, and it got front-page reviews. It's in English, you can hear and understand the words, and not a note of Bizet's music has been changed—just heated up a bit. There are 100 Negroes in the cast and their pay runs from $45 to $250 a week. It's not for movie sale. It took six months to cast. I worked a year on it, but I can't make a dollar out of it. All the money the government will let me keep I make the first few months of the year at the Horseshoe. The billing of Carmen should read, 'Billy Rose and Henry Morgenthau Present.' I'm doing it for the fun of it."

While walking on Broadway one day, Rose got a tip that the Ziegfeld Theater was going on the auction block. He called up Barney Baruch for advice, as he always does in big events, and got a green light. He submitted a sealed bid—against one competitor, the Loew Theater Corp., at the time operating the place as a movie house. Rose got it. He had bid $5,000 more than their bid of $625,000.

Now that he had the place and was spending $150,000 to reconvert a movie house into a theater for the first time in history, Billy suddenly remembered his show. An old Rose failing is to put on the show before it's written. On an old envelope at Lindy's one night he made up a list of the Arts. They became, arbitrarily: Theater, Opera, Ballet, Concert, Movies, Radio, and Modern (Modren) Painting. The latter was an excuse for Billy's own current passion: art collecting.

Though he never makes the same mistake twice, he may make it three times. He called in Ben Hecht and Moss Hart and told them what he wanted in the literary line. He wanted sketches that people who "read and write and bathe," as he put it, would understand. He also had a plot: something about five gals and two guys who come to New York to pursue a lively art apiece and make good. He wanted slapstick in an opera cape, a show that appealed to the leg- as well as the brain-worshipers. When Fanny Brice and Groucho Marx begged off from being in the show, he sought out Bert Lahr and Bea Lillie. Lahr, a great Ziegfeld star, he found in the theatrical warehouse, but Lillie was more of a job.

Since the death of her son, Lord Peel, in action in '42, Bea had been devoting her entire time to camp shows in England and Europe. Billy got no reply to repeated cables to her. Having met Lord Beaverbrook some years before, and having appointed "Max" his agent abroad ("Keep an eye out for good plays in London, will you, Max?"), Rose cabled Beavie. Max cabled back Lillie's phone number, and after a transatlantic phone call in which Billy spent five minutes telling about the show and a lot more time arguing about money, Bea consented to come. This took place last June. Booked to appear in August, Lillie finally showed the last week in October.

In the meantime Rose sent thousands of wires (he got the habit from Ziegfeld) to song writers in Hollywood, finally taking the services of Cole Porter—who settled for a cut of the show. From the Russian ballet he got one Markova, born Alicia Marx in London, and one of the best toe-stretchers in the business. With Markova went Anton Dolin (pronounced Doughlahn), born Pat Kay of London, other than by whom Markova wouldn't consent to be bounced around the stage for love or money. For ballet you need fancy music, so Billy would hunt out none other than Igor Stravinsky, the Fire Bird man. Where was Igor? That's right—Hollywood. Dolin flew to Hollywood to tell Stravinsky the ballet plot and Igor went to work putting it to music.

CONCERT, as Billy calls it, being called for. Billy phoned Leopold (Hands) Stokowski. Hands was too busy to write and conduct for Billy, but he could recommend a young musical longhair named Bill Schuman, a current Bach. Schuman had something he'd just knocked off for forty taxi horns and sixteen kettledrums called Sideshow for Orchestra, so a forty-piece orchestra was hired to beat it out.

For opera Billy cooked up a first-act finale called Nightmare at the Opera, presumably stemming from a dream Billy had while dozing at the Met. All the operas get mixed up in this number, singers dash about on stilts, and a few ex-Jumbo elephants Billy still owns hoot arias eight to the Barber of Seville. As a counter-irritant Rose hired Benny Goodman. Movies, Radio, and *Modren* Painting were to be lampooned in sketches, one of them dubbed Gimbel's Basement Sells Modern Painting.

For scenery Rose was satisfied with no one less than Norman Bel Geddes, who has tried to cram the World's Fair into a mere theater. Twenty-four ballet dancers, twenty-four singers, and twelve show girls rounded out the biological background. And as for costumes, two leading theater costumers were willing to make up the glittering rags for a peculiarly similar figure: $175,000. So Rose rented an empty loft, flew in a Hollywood Patou, hired an army of seamstresses at plus-wages, and made up the costumes himself, saving $75,000.

The Roses live happily in a little Beekman Place bower, built for $200,000 by a banker back in the '20s. There's also a summer place up in Mount Kisco, New York, called Rose Land. It's a fifty-five-acre layout with a nice pool for Eleanor and a tennis court for Billy. He plays a hard game. Poker with the Thanatopsis and Lox Sandwich Club is his other sport.

Both homes are done, Billy assures me, in Ahm-peer (Empire to you) style, right down to the Ahm-peer colored toilet seats.

(Continued on page 77)

THE HOME FRONT

"According to dad, her house should be right around here."

Greet Your Neighbor!

FOR A LITTLE WHILE—a wonderful while—
this is the season set aside for
good will toward all men.
It seems natural to pause in our work and speak
to passers-by. It seems right to let
our hearts hold the glad tidings of
Christmas good fellowship.

Yet, when Christmas is past,
the tree dismantled, the ornaments
and decorations packed away, let us not put
aside the spirit that makes Christmas the
friendliest time of all the year. We need not.

We need not wait another Christmas coming
'til tenderness be felt again,
or kindliness, or thoughtfulness for
all the world about us.

We need not feel our hearts empty
of friendship so long as there is
someone, somewhere, to whom we can say
"Hello" and have in turn a warm response.

You city dwellers who have never learnt
to know the people next door; you
suburbanites whose houses face across a street;
you farmers in adjoining fields, say "Hello,
how are you?" when you can . . .
or send a greeting card to bespeak the neighborliness you feel. *Yes, greet your neighbor!*

Robert J. Bender
PRESIDENT

GARTNER AND BENDER, INC.
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GREETING CARDS BEARING THE GOLDEN BELL TRADE MARK ARE FOUND WHEREVER VARIETY STORES SERVE THE PUBLIC

They are an established form of social communication

IS THE HUMAN RACE WORTH SAVING?

Continued from Page 15

ment during this period and they haven't been able to buy many of the things which they need and want. So, in planning the future, they plan first to meet their own wants. With full employment and full production, they can meet not only their actual needs but as many superfluous desires as their own people can absorb.

But the saturation point will some day be reached if we remain entirely within our own borders. And when that saturation point is reached, we will be unable to employ all of our citizens who want and need work.

The first question to decide, therefore, is whether we will close our eyes to the more distant future and meet just our own needs, or whether we will look further ahead and help to meet the needs and promote the desires of the rest of the world.

If we follow the second course, it may well be that at first we shall have to give some portion of our productive capacity to the rest of the world. That will keep all our people producing, but at first we will pay out of taxes for that part of our production which leaves our home markets. This will have to continue until, little by little, place by place, people in other parts of the world are back on their own feet.

SOME nations will, of course, very soon begin to pay us in goods and services, over a period of years, for what we have been able to do for them. Others may never be able to repay our initial investment in their development, but they may become markets in the future for some of our goods and thus take up that margin of extra production which we need to preserve our high standard of living.

We cannot say just when other nations will again become self-supporting, when they will be able to export and import, and so raise their own standards of living. The only thing we can be sure of is that the longer it takes them, the more it will cost the rest of the world.

I am not thinking alone of Europe, whose people are already highly developed industrially and agriculturally. I am thinking of many other parts of the world where progress will come more slowly. Nonetheless they could become self-supporting relatively soon, and, by intelligent development, could afford us very good markets for many years to come. The standard of living has been kept low in many countries because their peoples have had few desires. People must want things to work for them, and they cannot want things they have never seen or used.

In the International Labor Organizations' conferences, one of the many questions under discussion was how to establish in different parts of the civilized world a more uniform standard of living, and therefore a more uniform standard of return for the individual's labor. To achieve this would enormously increase and facilitate the interchange of goods. If the return for the individual's labor were more universally uniform it would be easier to reach a point where nations could produce the things they are best fitted to produce, and trade would be on a freer basis.

Tariffs were set up for us to equalize and safeguard our standards of living when our industrial organization was weak. Tariffs, however, act in two ways. They raise the cost of living for us as well as for other people in the world, even

"I took Junior to a child psychiatrist and he treated *me!*"

though the return for our labor is greater. So the satisfaction of our material needs can be achieved only by an outlook which embraces the whole world, and along these lines may be built the foundations for a world in which freedom from want is a reality.

From time immemorial religions have had a place in the development of society, but so far we do not seem to have found a religion which will create a spirit able to control completely the destructive elements in society.

The teachings of many religions are similar. Practically all teach that a man must be just, honest, and considerate of his fellow humans. All of them acknowledge our need for love. But frequently we fail to teach that the need of giving love is as great as the need of receiving it. I am not sure that we have given enough attention to impressing on children the practical application of religion in the home, school, and factory as well as in the church. If that is not brought home to human beings, the churches may continue to do a fine job of teaching the values of spiritual development and yet be little a part of our daily lives. If so, our chance to develop a greater inner spiritual strength may never develop.

What the church really needs to do is to make people feel that its spirit enters into everything they do in their daily lives. Then it may become what it should be—a place where people can go to renew their spirit when they are weary. They can go to church services because they gain something from being with other people who are also seeking help.

The churches would not have to worry about their congregations if their interest lay in the way people live their lives. The spirit of the church is essential to all, because it is the spirit of God which gives strength, and people are always looking for strength.

This spirit must become as dynamic as are, unfortunately, some of the baser human instincts, such as greed, hate, and lust, for the salvation of humanity hangs in the balance. We can slip down into another war and final destruction more easily than we can climb toward peace and the revelation of what the Kingdom on Earth is really meant to be.

These appear to be very simple things, but they are the fundamental questions which must be decided if the human race is to have hope in the future. New frontiers open before us in the physical world and in the spiritual world. We can refuse to explore them. We can try to turn our thoughts away from them, but I fear we will find that effort strangely unprofitable.

It may be that we have been passing through a period of revolution, of which war has been the most tangible sign, and that now we have an opportunity to see what evolution can do. If we refuse to move at all, we will either "dry up and blow away" or we will be shaken by constantly more violent revolutions until there is nothing left on the face of a scorched earth.

In short, we have reached a point where there can be complete destruction of what we know as civilization. If we believe, however, that there is some spiritual development which we haven't yet attained, then it is worth while to turn our efforts toward that attainment and see what may be in store for the human race along new lines.

THE future is shrouded in mystery, but it holds the possibility of trying the evolutionary method in the years to come. This may inspire the majority of people the world over to new achievements.

Here is where the intellectual and political development of the next few years becomes challenging. In our schools and colleges we are developing the men and women who can think through these problems in an evolutionary way instead of resorting to the old revolutionary way. The men who come back from war will, many of them, come under the influence of educational institutions for some period of time. Many of our young people will influence many people of other nations.

The form and growth of any political machinery we set up will depend for its success largely on the intellectual development of this present generation of young people. If in our schools and churches we have respect for all human beings and free our minds and hearts of race prejudice, then we remove one barrier—the barrier created by fear of our brothers which has held back our will to peace.

If we seek solutions to our economic problems which will benefit the greatest number of people, we will do away with the fear of want and lay another cornerstone on which peace may be built. If we seek to build practical machinery both at home and abroad whereby the people may be heard and register their desires after receiving honest information, we will lay a firmer foundation for world democracy, on which, we believe, future peace can be built.

Having done all these things, however, we have not answered the question whether the human race is worth saving. People themselves all over the world must answer that, since only their determination to grow in the things of the spirit will really bring the hope we need for our gigantic task of rebuilding a war-torn world along lines which lead to the "Promised Land."

THE END

★★★

I see a Refrigerator . . .

- that has no space-stealing coils to defrost!
- keeps food fresh and moist in uncovered dishes
- quick freezes or stores frozen foods in a separate built-in home-freezer
- controls odors, prevents spoilage with ultra-violet rays

Tune in CBS 2:30 P.M., EWT, Sundays for Admiral "World News Today"

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It's a postwar Promise ... from

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CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
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*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
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2. Keeps hair well combed all day without that greasy look! Grooms without grease! No more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks and feels good!

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CONTAINS REFINED
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3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo . . . also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

T-DAY

Continued from Page 20

file their claims promptly, the impact of termination on the civilian economy will be much more severe than need be. The War Department constantly reminds them of this and teaches them how to fill out their application forms and file their claims.

With termination, every contractor wants his factory cleared to make way for civilian production. That is the final stage of War Department responsibility. Its job is to take industry out of war production; other established government agencies are set up to help industry back into civilian production.

The War Department has solved the two major clearing problems. It has provided for storage areas and has arranged with the railway and trucking fields to provide satisfactory and quick transportation. But to clear factories, the field operating personnel of the War Department must first have up-to-date inventories. With these, it can go to work at once.

But here again contractors have been lax. Many are far behind in their inventories, and when so reminded, reply that with war work out of the way they can complete them in jig time. Experience has shown, however, that a man can't do well and fast what he has not practiced. Those factories which have been laggard may well find they have delayed their return to civilian production. Inventories must be cleared before industry can resume its normal pursuits.

THE plans for a gradual dropping-off of resistance in Europe call for us to follow the procedure in effect since April, 1942, by which we have terminated contracts to meet changes in military requirements or to produce new weapons.

For example, the United States at first relied chiefly on 105-mm. howitzers and 75s in the Italian campaign. But the German had dug himself in well, and more heavy artillery was required to blast him out. We called up 155-mm. guns and 240-mm. howitzers. Back home, that meant that contracts for certain types of lighter artillery had to be terminated and new ones drawn for additional production of 240s.

Or suppose the enemy designs a new weapon which makes one of our weapons obsolete. We must produce another to offset it. A contract settlement is made. The old weapon is taken out of production. The factory has to make tooling and machinery changes. Materials may be shifted to another plant.

The office in Washington determines the policy to be followed. Whether all the contracts of one or more firms for that item will be canceled, or whether a general cut-back for all plants engaged in its production will be ordered is determined by several factors.

Here are some of the questions the answers to which determine what contracts will be canceled:

Will workers in critical labor areas be released by the contract termination?

Has the contractor used his manpower efficiently and economically?

Has he used a minimum of critical materials to complete the item?

Has he held to reasonably low costs, or has he chiseled for higher profits?

Can the plant be diverted to the manufacture of other war materials to safeguard future military needs?

Has the firm adaptable engineering skills that should be held ready in the event of unforeseen military developments?

Would the plant, if cut back to civilian production, be able to resume war production again as fast as a government-owned plant if the need should arise?

Will undue economic hardship be worked upon the community where the plant is located?

Is the plant so located that satisfactory transportation will be available when the fighting shifts from the European theater to the Pacific?

Gradual victory calls for these procedures of gradual contract termination. As we cancel between 20 and 40 per cent of our war contracts, we may find that conditions call for a decrease in the production of heavy artillery and its ammunition, for example. Both now are at peak production. Small arms may be cut back and contracts terminated. And as we move to the Pacific, the need for woolens will drop while the demand for cotton soars.

Whatever the procedure followed, contract termination will cost the taxpayer heavily, and cries of wastage will be inevitable. The public will be indignant to discover that war materials costing millions of their dollars will bring only a few thousands in a world at peace.

Actually, however, whatever price inventories bring will be a gain, because most war equipment has little peacetime use. Tanks are no good for plowing, Long Toms are no good on a duck hunt, and mountains of raw materials of certain kinds are useless for peacetime purposes. And it should always be remembered that these scrapped materials have effected the greatest of saving—the saving of the lives of countless American soldiers.

ON the other hand, there are those who fear that the disposal of surplus war materials will affect our civilian economy adversely.

This seems doubtful. For example, the Treasury Department is now disposing of 1,500 Army trucks a week at good prices, but this hardly seems a menace to auto manufacturers. Most of these trucks are uneconomical to operate in ordinary civilian pursuits, and highways are not engineered to meet their requirements in day-in-day-out service.

Yes, these war contracts present diverse problems. Delays and lawsuits will retard re-employment in peacetime tasks when jobs will be most needed. But it is heartening to point out that of the terminations effected under the Contract Settlement Act of 1944, only ten cases have been appealed.

In the final analysis, the industry that gets its bills in promptly and keeps its inventories current will be the one on the inside track when peacetime production is finally resumed.

THE END

Brigadier General David N. Hauseman

THE author of T-Day, Brigadier General David N. Hauseman, has a rich background for writing about problems of wartime industries. Back in World War One, General Hauseman made a distinguished career as ordnance officer, specializing in production planning. During the years before Pearl Harbor he carried on the same kind of work and also earned several scientific degrees. In 1940 he was assigned to Development of Procurement in the field. As a result of his brilliant career, he became head of the newly-formed Readjustment Division of the ASF—his present job. One of this agency's main tasks is government contract settlement.

BOTH LIVING A SECRET . . .
SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
presents
GINGER ROGERS
Challenging her "Kitty Foyle"
JOSEPH COTTEN
from his triumph in "Since You Went Away"
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
with grown-up glamour
EACH AFRAID TO TELL!
They came from different worlds, these two . . . living a lie . . . fearing their past! The screen's newest romantic pair . . . on the strangest holiday two people ever shared!
"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"
Directed by
WILLIAM DIETERLE
Produced by
DORE SCHARY
Screen Play by Marion Parsonnet
From a story by Charles Martin
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Throckmorton Ploop was a frightful old bore,

Yet, strangely enough, he had friends by the score.

His medals and plaques
made a long-winded story
With endless details that
his guests labeled "gory";
But still they would listen
and patiently view
Those moth-eaten trophies
of Nineteen-O-Two.

For his warm hospitality,
frank and disarming
Made some people even
describe him as charming
And eyes that were drooping
would brighten and clear
When he rescued the evening
with Blue Ribbon Beer.

* * *

There just isn't any other beer like Pabst Blue Ribbon . . . for Pabst blends no fewer than 33 fine brews to achieve that delicious *full flavor*. Order it with confidence. Serve it with pride. There's no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

1844-1944

AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF
FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP

Copr. 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! STARRING KENNY BAKER GUEST STARS COAST TO COAST CBS NETWORK EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

THE DAY THE GENERAL DIED

Continued from Page 19

Day after day, night after night, *la Señora Escritora* hearkened to the General's lying, lilting, liquid voice. The more incredible his story the wider became her eyes, and the freer her pesos which uncorked tequila for the General.

After some two weeks of this it was obviously impossible for any of us to inform *la Señora Escritora* of the General's real character. It was apparent to the most unobservant eye that *la Señora Escritora* took breathless pleasure in the General's virile adventures. It was equally obvious that the General, finding a credulous worshipful audience after years of searching, felt and behaved like a cynic who has discovered love.

His strut became more self-conscious, his smile more assured, his breath more saturated with alcohol distilled from the cactus.

To break in upon *la Señora Escritora's* illusion now would have been like informing a day-old bride that her husband is unfaithful to her. Moreover, like the bride, she quite likely would not have believed it.

Not so the General. He lifted his voice constantly. *La Señora Escritora's* ears drank in every word. It was a singularly intense romance. Now, I do not use the word romance in the same sense as the lyric writers.

It went further and deeper than that. It was infinitely more subtle and realistic. *La Señora Escritora*, for the first time in her own verbose career, was listening. Listening to a man who regarded her as any Latin regards a woman—as a charming, inferior creature who will never dare voice an opinion before the more potent masculine mind. For once *la Señora Escritora* confronted a man who feared neither her reputation nor her pen. Who, indeed, had never heard of either. She was being treated as a woman for the first time.

The General, too, found himself in a novel situation. Having supped on contempt and mockery for years, he now sat down to a feast of faith. In every sense of the phrase he ate it up.

VIEWING the tranquillity of the Taxco mountains, absorbing the soft sunshine, and hearing the gentle Spanish voices, you would not suspect violence dwelt here. You would be wrong. The Mexican thug is as ruthless, as brutal as his American brother. He is also more concerned about appearances.

In Taxco the tourist trade is a major industry. It will not do to frighten away the Americans whose pocketbooks are as vast as their posteriors. Hence the Indian assassin is considerate enough to pursue his victim into the ill-lit byways before doing away with him. It would not do to permit his rage to carry him away before the curious eyes of the tourists, or within range of the sometimes overeager revolvers of the police.

But war, alas, has played hell with morals other than those of Taxco. And the General's death took place beneath Paco's bright lights within full view of a hundred people.

Morelos had been in town for two weeks. He was sallow, sullen, and taciturn. Daily he sat at a table in Paco's and drank cognac, the cost of which in pesos is a staggering item. He spoke to no one. He listened to no one. There was a harassed look in his eyes. However, in Taxco, as in the Foreign Legion and in Texas at the turn of the century, it is considered impertinent to interfere with another man's life. We paid Morelos scant attention.

That is, until the day the General died.

It was ten o'clock of the evening of the fiesta of San Sebastian. The night was golden with fireworks which lived quick and brilliant lives, then died like butterflies. The court was filled with shuffling people. There were no empty seats in Paco's where Tito's band filled the room with music. At the table next to mine sat the General and *la Señora Escritora*. In a distant corner, alone as usual, was Morelos.

The General was in voice. And, for that matter, in imagination too. *La Señora Escritora* watched him fascinated, her lips parted and her eyes entranced. From those fragments of his monologue that I could hear above the vibrations of the band, I gathered that the General had, on one occasion, disarmed and elicited an apology from the great Pancho Villa. That seemed ambitious even for the General.

"Pancho says to me," said the General, "'Amigo, one day you will sit in the palace of *el Presidente*. One day—'"

He broke off as the two policemen entered. They were Federal police. They stood, guns strapped on their hips, in the doorway and looked about the room. One of them spotted Morelos. He nudged his companion and pointed. Morelos saw the gesture and stood up.

What happened next would have bewildered J. Edgar Hoover. The Mexican policeman is devoted to form rather than essence. Although they should have known better, neither made any move to draw his gun. One whipped a paper from his pocket, unrolled it with vast ceremony, and began to read. He had a Federal warrant for the apprehension of one Pedro Morelos. And he was going to read it before he prepared to cope with any violence.

The warrant, I gathered, charged Morelos with having been in the pay of Berlin. He had been employed by the Secretary of the Navy and was accused of informing the enemy of ship movements in and out of the port of Vera Cruz. There was a great deal more of it. It was not more than half finished when Morelos drew a gun.

The officer who was reading the document stopped in the middle of a sentence. He and his companion stared at Morelos with touching indignation, rather as if they had caught a friend cheating at cards. His action was against all tradition. If resistance was to be, it should not have started until after the official reading of the charges. It was characteristic that neither of the policemen registered fear at Morelos' action; merely outrage—the outrage of a duelist who suddenly finds his adversary swinging his rapier about his head like a meat cleaver.

Morelos said in a resolute voice, "You will both turn around. Take your guns from their holsters and drop them on the floor. If anyone attempts to prevent me from leaving, I shall kill him."

Now, most Latins are realists. The graveyards are choked with the bodies of dead heroes. Heaven must be crowded with their souls. There is no need of any more of them. The policemen shrugged their shoulders as if they were synchronized. They turned around and their revolvers clattered to the floor.

Morelos took one step forward when *la Señora Escritora's* nasal accents fell heavily into the silence.

"Well, General?"

The General looked at *la Señora Escritora*, then at Morelos, then back at *la Señora Escritora*. Her eyes were shining. There was a vibrant excitement about her. She reminded me somehow of the lady

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who tossed her glove down into the lion pit.

The General took a breath so deep that its sibilance hissed through the room. He stood up. The muscles of his lips were set. There was painful purpose in his eyes. His normally coffee-colored complexion was a murky gray. I saw that his hands were clenched as he bowed toward *la Señora Escritora* and said, "Do not fear, my friend."

For an instant I was bewildered. If the General was running his customary bluff he was running it very close. A situation was at hand. And it was not a situation in which the glib tongue of the General was going to be of any avail at all. As he straightened up, he caught my eye. He smiled an agonized smile and moved toward Morelos.

Then it came to me. *He wasn't bluffing.* For once the General was going to live in reality one of those perilous adventures he had lived so often with his vocabulary. I knew him well enough to be sure that inside him there boiled a cold and frothy fear. I knew the blood pounded icily at his temples, that the pit of his stomach was a quivering vacuum. I knew further that all this terror was not so powerful a force as the fear of his losing the faith of the only person who had ever believed in him.

It was the faith of *la Señora Escritora* moving the mountain of the General's knavish, craven character. She believed him to be a hero, *ergo*, he was. He was willing to risk his life to protect her belief. His ego refused to return to that limbo in which all the world mocked him. He had a disciple, and he was not going to lose her. He was going to retain the respect and adulation of *la Señora Escritora* even if it killed him. As a matter of record, it did.

The General was now halfway between Morelos and the policemen. Morelos turned his head. He said, "Dolt, keep out of my way."

The General forced a smile. God alone knew what effort it cost him. He bowed. "I will have to ask you for your gun. In the name of the Republic."

"Get out of my way," said Morelos.

The General bowed again, this time from the waist. His hand moved like a snake and a knife appeared magically from his sleeve. He drew another deep breath, closed his eyes, and sprang.

He was in mid-air when the two bullets drilled neatly through his skull. He was probably dead when he and the clattering knife struck the floor together. The policemen had turned at the sound of the shot and Paco, himself, had vaulted the bar when Morelos had turned to the General. An instant later Morelos, too, was on the floor, beneath three men.

The muscles of the General's face were now relaxed. Stamped upon his face in death was the terrible fear which he had dissembled while yet he lived. I glanced over at *la Señora Escritora*. She was staring at the General, an odd glazed expression on her features. I assumed she was too overcome to weep.

But I almost wept myself. Futile though the General's death had been—futile, indeed, as his life—he had nevertheless died for the truth as he had seen it. He had revealed a courage he had never really possessed—a courage born in him by another's faith.

THEY had lowered the General down into the earth. We stood solemnly in the hot sun while the gravediggers took up their spades and threw dirt upon the coffin.

I looked at *la Señora Escritora* at my side. The midday heat was not treating her kindly. Her make-up was smeared, and a thin river of mascara trickled along a wrinkle at the side of her eye. I reflected that of all of us here she must feel most proud. She, who knew nothing of the General's true self, must be remembering him as a hero who had laid down his life for patriotism and honor.

And it was somehow important to me, to all of us, that our conspiracy of silence hold. The fact that *la Señora Escritora* would never know exactly why the General had died seemed somehow to endow his death with a greater significance.

She sniffled slightly and asthmatically. She turned her head to me.

"Well," she said, "he wasn't such a bad little guy, was he? He certainly handed me some wonderful copy. A sweet little guy. But what a colossal liar! I never could believe a damned thing he said."

Clods clattered upon the General's coffin. Loudly enough, I found myself desperately hoping, to drown *la Señora Escritora's* words; loudly enough, I prayed, to conceal from the General's astral self the fact that he had died in vain.

THE END

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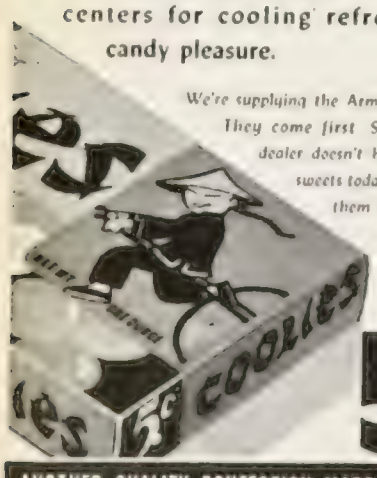

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BOURBONDICULAR: Still standing after plenty of corn.

SIGHIN'TIST: A lovesick college professor.

TWOBACCO: A couple of cigars.

PSALMBODY: David.

THE BLUEPRINT FOR FRENCH RECONSTRUCTION

Continued from Page 24

ing during the occupation and production of clothing was reduced to one fifth of the prewar level. And the average food ration of French adults dropped to about half the normal amount—considerably less where the Nazis clamped on sanctions. Food, clothing, coal, and oil are desperately needed in many areas this winter.

But in the long view, France is less interested in the importation of finished products than in the purchase of machine tools and railway equipment. Restoration of transportation facilities will assure a more equitable distribution of food and labor, and will enable the French to use their own resources to speed the return to normal.

Thus, France wants machinery to install in flour and oil mills, in soap and shoe factories. She wants trawlers and nets to put fisheries in working condition again, and drills and jackhammers to extract her riches from her own soil.

Not a single luxury item, such as refrigerators, phonographs, or washing machines, will be considered for purchase in the government reconstruction schemes. Nor will France manufacture luxury items in the near future. It is even a probability that she will manufacture munitions for use against Japan.

But the French genius for turning out articles de luxe, such as dress designs, glassware, silks, velvets, and furniture, will be held in only temporary abeyance, and France will eventually emerge with distinctive samples and models which American manufacturers can copy on the assembly line.

THE American official previously mentioned said news photographs of French store windows at the time of liberation were misleading.

"The French have a knack of making whatever is on hand look artistic," he said. "Sure, I saw a pink girdle in a shop window on the corner of the Rue de La Paix and the Rue de Rivoli.

"But the French couldn't buy it. The price was fabulous, and they don't have enough ration tickets. Perhaps it was the only one the shopkeeper had in stock, saved from pilfering Germans. Come the day of liberation, he displayed it in his window as a symbol of the return to freedom."

He said that Paris itself was lean and healthy, having shed the fat of overcomfortable living, but that conditions in Paris were not a gauge of the hardships suffered by the war-shattered areas of the country.

A general census of prewar industries in France serves as the basis for French reconstruction plans, but these are being constantly changed to conform to circumstances as revealed in post-liberation surveys. Jean Monnet, chief of the French supply missions in Washington and London, has been in France in an effort to complete these surveys and to make orders dovetail with actual needs.

French ports and transportation systems will require immediate attention. France has suffered from two invasions: one in 1940 from the east and one in 1944 from the west. During 1939-40, about 2,500 bridges alone were destroyed. The Germans repaired many of these for their own use, but they were simply thrown together. However, the French themselves have been able to reconstruct some bridges with masonry and have salvaged submerged metals and suspension-bridge cables for use again.

France has lost more than half her railroad equipment. Before the war she owned 20,000 locomotives. The Germans took 6,000 or 7,000 of these, and 5,000 more were demolished by Allied bombing or by sabotage. Rails suffered as the Maquis sabotaged German transportation without let-up. Germans fled in French coaches.

The Germans also removed copper from French transmission lines for use in the manufacture of bullets and shells. They stripped France of cranes, coal and cargo handling facilities, tugboats, docks, and other harbor equipment.

However, the picture is not too black. Given the raw materials, French industry can be rapidly reconditioned.

Allied headquarters forbade the sabotage of French factories by the French underground. It was just as effective to attack the finished products destined for the Germans as they rolled off the assembly line, while conserving French industrial wealth relatively intact. The Germans fled too rapidly to do any thoroughgoing damage.

For the same reasons, French coal mines in the liberated areas have not been flooded, as they were in the last war, when the Germans had more leisure. Mine props and steel arches are badly needed, but the machinery is still usable. It is estimated that a thorough greasing of all machinery will step up production almost to prewar levels.

But during the years of occupation the Germans exploited the mines to the limit of their capacity. To get coal fast, they made the miners, including thousands of Russian war prisoners, work only the richest panels and those nearest the shafts, without thought for the future. Nationalization of the French coal industry will mean not only better working conditions for the miners, but more intelligent exploitation of the galleries.

Many of France's port towns have been reduced to rubble and their harbors destroyed. In Brest, 80,000 of the 120,000 inhabitants were left homeless. Le Havre was wiped out. Cities such as Caen, Cherbourg, St. Nazaire, Calais must literally rise from the ashes. Countless villages lie in ruins. According to one estimate, there are 600,000 homeless French today. Further, countless French families have been displaced by the war. Almost two million men were deported into Germany, and their wives and children moved to other zones. Hundreds of others escaped into the Maquis, or fled in panic before the shells and bombs.

Housing must be found once again for these people, so the French have turned to the construction of temporary communities. Homes and shops will be built on the fringe of a city, while the task of clearing away shattered masonry, of rebuilding roads, and reinstalling sewerage, water pipes, and electric current goes on within the city proper. The houses will be precast in cement and will be very simple in design. Lumber found on the spot will be used for reinforcement.

Meanwhile, the French provisional government has a group of French architects drafting plans for new cities to replace the old. In fact, these men have already been at work for a year. The French have a genius for architectural planning which reaches back into the centuries. Today that genius holds out the promise of a new France emerging from the old with greater glory and beauty than ever before.

THE END

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TO all our boys, wherever you be,
At home, abroad, in the air, or at sea,
I'm sending the greetings of a guy called Sarge—
May your Christmas be merry and happy and large!
I've good wishes, too, for the WACs and the Spars,
The Nurses and Waves and Marine W. R.s.
And—since I aim to be impartial—
I'm saluting the staff chiefs, King and Marshall,
And—this Yule wishing is going to be a shower—

He Liked it

Here's to the generals, MacArthur and Eisenhower,
And Bradley, Hodges, Clark, and Patton (I hope Santa packs a new pistol for *that* one)
And to Halsey, Spruance, Mitscher, and Nimitz,
Those Jap-sinking admirals, who know no limits.
And at the end of this line I'm leaving a blank ———,
Just write in your own guy's name and his rank.
We've had a tough year, but there's victory ahead,
The best gift of all. No more need be said,
For This Man's War may serve as a temporary measure—
But This Man's Peace would give us all a helluva lot more pleasure!

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Sarge, there's an ex-service character in our block who was stationed in Paris during or after the last war. I guess he liked it, for he putters around his home in baggy pants, a beret, and an odd shirt, looking like an *apache* or a Left Bank artist. Anyway, he has set me wondering. Please look into your crystal ball and tell us what our boys will dress like when they come home from all those foreign places.

Miss Curious, Los Angeles, Calif.

I see what you're up to. You want me to prophesy that the G. I.s who served in Tunisia, Egypt, Iran, India, etc., will promenade around here in sheets or tablecloths, that those stationed in Scotland will bring home kilties, and that boys from the Southwest Pacific will favor a few ounces of grass, a shell necklace, and a bone through the nose.

Well, I'm not predicting anything of the kind. The American male, with few exceptions, is too self-conscious for exotic dress. He's going to rush back into his prewar civvies and stay there.

But our servicewomen are another matter. You didn't ask about them, but I'm going to climb right out on a limb and broadcast. When our WACs and nurses come back from all over the world, and our Waves return from the Pacific and wherever else they may be assigned, the impact on fashions will be terrific. They'll be wearing those funny bushel-sized hats from Paris, Arab jelabs, Turkish trousers, Chinese coolie coats, and heaven knows what else.

And we'll stand for it—and like 'em, just the same.

* * *

My husband, an air-crew gunner, was captured by the Germans last March after his plane was shot down. His letters don't say so, but I'm afraid he has been ill. When the Nazis give up, will he be sent home immediately or will he be reassigned to duty over there?

Mrs. H. C., Denver, Colo.

You'll be seeing him soon—once the prisoners of the Germans are freed. The War Department has announced that all American servicemen who have been prisoners of war sixty days or longer, or those of shorter captivity found in poor condition, will have priority back to the United States over all other casual personnel except the sick and wounded.

* * *

One of my war bonds was destroyed by fire and I haven't the serial number. What can I do about it?

Cpl. G. T., Dalhart, Tex.

Write the Army Finance Office, Bond Issuing Division, 366 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. They can check the serial numbers of bonds issued you and outline the procedure for recovering your loss.

* * *

My son was killed in action on Saipan Island. Is a father entitled to wear his son's Purple Heart medal?

J. A. W., Sr., Portsmouth, N. H.

As next of kin, you are entitled to receive your son's medal. But only the serviceman whose action earned a decoration can be authorized to wear it. Application for the medal may be made to the Commandant, U.S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., if your son was a marine, or may be made to the Bureau of Decorations and Awards, Adjutant General's Office, War Department, Washington, if he was a soldier.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Sir:
Since August 1943 I've been on several islands in this area and recently took part in an invasion in New Guinea. Watching AC's guns in action is a thrill I wouldn't have missed for anything. Almost all of the .50's * I've seen here are made at AC and there are plenty of them around. The gun is ace high with everyone in the Army and is generally thought of as the best all-around gun the Allies have.
A fellow AC worker is in a neighboring outfit here. We enjoy getting together with your letters and the papers you send and talking them over.
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WARRIORS WITHOUT WEAPONS

Continued from Page 21

stant a Jap shell hit him. Gilliam went back to his wounded.

The other British officer died soon after, while inspecting a forward bunker. There now remained in charge one Viceroy's commissioned officer, a native, and Neil Gilliam, who was not an officer at all.

The news spread among the Indians quickly. The Indian troops have an almost idolatrous confidence in any white man who is over them, and this is particularly true of the Gurkhas, those hard-fighting, knife-wielding little men, so feared by the Japanese. There were Gurkhas on Gibraltar now. Elements of two battalions from Scraggy and Pimple had been filtering up the steep slopes hour after hour to reinforce the hard-pressed Rifles above. The Gurkhas are trained in a rigid tradition of discipline. The last order given them by their white officer is the order they obey even though it means death. Had they been ordered to hold the summit of Gibraltar they would have done so until none remained alive. But the two officers, whatever their orders may have been, were not attached to the Gurkhas; they belonged to the Rajputana Rifles. So the literal Gurkhas had reason to be confused.

A moment of hesitation may have shaken them when they learned that the white officers were dead. It is extremely probable, but there was still Gilliam. They had worked with him many times before and their admiration for him was as great as his for them. At an earlier date Neil had been challenged by a Gurkha in the night, and had foolishly reached for his identification card. One should not reach for anything that might be a weapon in a war zone. The next instant Gilliam found himself flat on his back with a Gurkha knife at his throat. The man recognized him, muttered, "Jeep wallah"—that is, Jeep man—and let him up.

Larry Barretto

THE author of Warriors Without Weapons was one himself in the last war, when he served in the American Ambulance Corps and received the Croix de Guerre. In this war Larry Barretto has worked with the American Field Service, and also as a USO correspondent in the Caribbean-South American theater. Between 1920 and 1941 Barretto was an editor for Adventure Magazine, wrote many war stories, and traveled extensively with his wife. His first novel, The Conqueror Passes, dealt with the returned veteran's problems. Since then he has written eleven more novels. Today Barretto and his wife winter in Manhattan and summer in Goshen, N. Y.

It is an example of what the Indians thought of him, because there is a tradition that a Gurkha knife may not be drawn except to draw blood, and it does not matter greatly whose blood it is. Not even their own officers dare violate this tradition. Even the Gurkhas who had never seen Gilliam knew that he was white. With that yellow hair bleached to tow, his shirt ripped from throat to belly, exposing a skin that would not tan, there could be no doubt of it in the flashes of gunfire.

So the ambulance man became a factor in the morale of the Indian troops without ever knowing it. Had he walked down that steep hill to his waiting jeep, as many of the less seriously wounded were already doing, it is entirely possible that Gibraltar would have been lost. He had no orders to remain where he was, but he stayed. There was still that job to be done.

The position was by now becoming untenable. Everybody alive on the crest knew that. At about midnight the Japs captured the summit, and the Indians retreated down the other slope. With them went Gilliam, the symbol of white omnipotence, salvaging such medical supplies as he could, marshaling his stretcher bearers with their cases, and taking with him a field radio, their only means of communication. One can imagine black eyes turned anxiously toward him in the darkness, making sure he was still there. Halfway down the slope they retreated, and there they stuck. The Japs could not dislodge them, although they were hurling hand grenades from the top and there was fire of all types from the enemy positions on surrounding hills.

Gilliam established a new dressing station in a dugout about twenty feet deep, and here he dressed his wounded, using the only things he had—shell dressings, which are compact medicated dressings with a bandage stitched to them, the whole in a waterproof container. They were not much, but they stopped bleeding until more effective aid could be given. In all, the ambulance man dressed the wounds of 154 men. That is about the strength of one company and in itself an incredible record. As before, a number of the wounded were killed before they could be evacuated.

When he was not dressing the wounded, Neil was tinkering with the radio, trying

(*Continued on page 66*)

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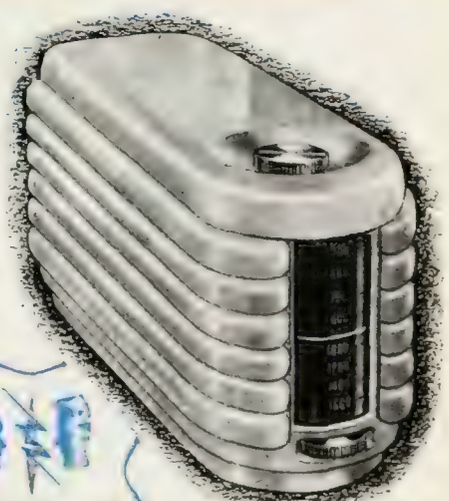

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(*Continued from page 64*)

to contact the rear. But, never having used one before, he was able to raise only a forward position, probably Scraggy, to which he gave a running account of the destruction of this bunker or that, trying to estimate the direction of the Jap fire for the answering artillery in the rear, and again and again calling for help for his hard-pressed Gurkhas. The dead were piling up about the shallow foothold.

At the bottom of Gibraltar two jeeps had come up, driven by a couple of Field Service men, Frank Mayfield of St. Louis and Hilding "Dewey" Swenson of Manasquan, New Jersey. From time to time they wondered what had become of Gilliam, but they had other things to do. The walking wounded came slipping and tumbling down the six hundred feet to the road in increasing numbers to escape the intolerable fire, and the jeeps, which usually carried four or five sitting cases, were carrying as many as fourteen to the field ambulance in the rear. They were piling them on the hoods and draping them over the radiators. At the ambulance post every vehicle that passed was pressed into service to take them to the hospital.

BY dawn the weather cleared, and by dawn the hill was swarming with reinforcements. Gilliam's messages to Scraggy had been relayed to the rear. There were white officers again; the brigadier himself was there. An attack was ordered, and the Indians, flinging hand grenades and using kukris, their murderous curved knives, drove the Japs from the summit. But that is a misstatement. No Japs tried to retreat from the crest of Gibraltar. They fought until the end. When it was over, three hundred corpses were counted, victims of Gurkha knives.

Only then did Neil Gilliam come out, followed by what were left of his walking wounded and the stretcher bearers staggering under their loads. He found his jeep and continued with the evacuations until there were no more. It is said that when at last he quit, stiff-legged, his eyes glazed with fatigue, the Gurkhas resting by the roadside, equally tired, rose, shouting and cheering for the white sahib who had stayed with them. But that is hearsay; no one but Gilliam knows.

What is part of the record, however, is that within a few days, at a formal ceremony, one battalion of Gurkhas presented the ambulance driver with the sword of a Japanese major, another battalion presented him with a knife that had been bloodied to the hilt, and the Rajputana Rifles made him an honorary member of their officers' mess. They were the greatest gifts in the Indians' possession.

The Japs have been flung back far from Imphal now and the participants in the defense of Gibraltar have been scattered. But one memento of the action remains in a dugout on the road which was once in Japanese hands. Beyond this dugout lies a wrecked Jap tank. One of the wooden uprights in the dugout bears the inscription: "American Field Service Jeep Staging Post. Continuous evacuations from 06:00 to 19:00 hrs." And on another upright are the words: "Welcome to Gilliam Manor." The name was bestowed on the place by a Gurkha officer.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A pretty cashier applied for a holiday in which to recuperate. She told her boss that she must be sick, because the men were beginning to count their change.

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NORTHEAST PASSAGE

Continued from Page 27

Blindly she drove forward through the clammy white darkness. With full force of her ten-thousand-ship-horsepower Diesel electrics on twin screws aft and single screw forward, she rammed her slant, flaring forefoot high up on the ice ahead. The screw forward threw water aft, and this cavitating effect drew the support of water from under the ice, making it easier for the momentum of the ship's five thousand tons and the downward wedge action of her bow to crack and split the ice apart. Velocity of her lunge used up, the Mackinac backed away, huge fragments of ice banging against her plating. Then again she advanced.

"Damn it," Ames said, "we can't ram a way clear through the arctic ice pack! Let's see what the Russians report."

When they entered the radio room, words of Russian were coming from the loud-speaker and Mary was writing them down, her eyes alight with excitement.

"Sir, the Russians say there's a channel to the northwest."

"Where? Ask for its position!"

She asked. As the answer came, dismay was vivid on her face.

"They say a Russian patrol plane glimpsed an open lead through a break in the fog. The pilot reported it by radio and said they'd dive in to get that channel while they could still see it, because the fog was closing in fast. But not another word has come from that plane! They figure the pilot came in fast and low and was so blinded by mist that he smashed up against the side of the channel!"

Ames swore. John murmured, "Poor guys!"

"Mary, where was that plane when it first reported?"

"They didn't have time to take a 'fix' on him, but they figure it was southeast of Wrangel, northwest of us."

John said, "Sir, I'll find that plane!"

"In the fog? Impossible, lad!"

John's lean young face set stubbornly.

"If any of the crew are still alive I can find them. Mary, ask Wrangel Island if that plane carried flare guns."

Mary asked—and said, "Yes, they carried signal equipment!"

"Sir, I'll fly northwest!" John said to Ames. "When those men hear my motor, they'll shoot flares up through the fog. It's the usual procedure! I'll report to you—you'll take a radio bearing on me and have the exact direction!"

"By God, it'll work! But, John, we'll install a direction finder on your plane so you can find your way back to us. And when you return don't try to land. You'll bail out. Understand?"

John hesitated, then said briskly, "Yes, sir! I'll go get the plane ready."

After John hurried out, Mary turned to Commander Ames.

"Sir, John should have an interpreter with him!"

Ames' lined face stiffened. "No."

"But that Russian plane went down nearer to Wrangel Island than to us! John will have to cruise back and forth, covering all that distance. By the time he finds that seaplane he'll be desperately low on gas. Chances are he won't have enough fuel to return here. Don't you *see*? His only hope then would be to fly to one of the Russian outposts! Some of them are free of fog, and if I was with him I could talk to them and guide John into a safe landing!"

Ames said, "It's no job for a woman."

"I'm not just a woman! I'm an interpreter—and the only one you've got!"

"Good God, don't you realize you might have engine failure?"

"We'd bail out!"

"And be lost on the ice. No, I don't want that on my conscience!"

"You know what John means to me, Commander!" Mary said vehemently. "You think I want on *my* conscience the thought that maybe he died because I wasn't along to interpret for him?"

He looked at her. Abruptly he decided.

"I'll tell Ensign Rolfe to take you."

The little plane, ski-equipped, was lowered onto the ice.

Hot with anger, John sat at the controls. He had protested against taking Mary. Ames had made it an order.

Crewmen had marked a fairly level stretch of ice with a line of kerosene torches. Savagely John opened throttle and the little plane jounced over the ice. He lifted her off and blindly, watching tachometer and turn-and-bank indicator, he felt his way up through the fog. At two thousand feet they came out into the clear.

He banked into a long sweep westward.

Minutes passed; became a half hour, then an hour. He shuttled northward. Then angled south again. The miles slid behind, measured off by the dwindling level of gas on the gauges. Once Mary pointed excitedly at a hole in the fog. But through it they saw only ice, uncut by channels. And into his mind crept the appalling thought that *maybe those Russian fliers are dead!* . . . The search stretched into a fruitless second hour. Their gas supply now was insufficient to take them back.

"John!" Mary pointed. "Look!"

He saw the rocketlike burst of the flare over the fog bank to the north.

"John, *there!*" Mary cried.

He was frantically leveling off, for already he had seen it—a breadth of black water against white ice, directly below.

THERE was the wrecked Russian seaplane! And a man waving wildly, glimpsed through the swirl of mist.

Mary called Wrangel Island. The Russian outpost would take a radio fix on them. That, with the fix she would relay from the Mackinac, would provide the Russians two lines on the chart whose intersection would mark the site of the crashed plane.

Leveling off over the open lead, John followed it, his skis barely ten feet above the channel. Dimly through the mist he could see the black lane of water below the nose of his ship. When the channel made a bend, he overshot the turn; but he circled and found the open lane again and followed it. The miles flowed behind in a steady thrum of engine roar.

Too late he glimpsed the pressure ridges ahead, folded and crumbled badlands of ice thrust into the air. Though he hauled back wildly on the stick the plane struck and slewed sickeningly. Somehow he straightened out, and they were still airborne. But the ski on his side was folded back.

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It wrenched away, torn off by the rush of air.

He turned the plane, his pulse pounding. Nosing down, he searched again for the black lane of water beneath the fog.

He found no lane. He found white-capped blackness, waves tipped with spray; and it took him an instant to understand. "We're out over open water. That channel does lead out to the open sea! Mary, tell the Mackinac!" But as Mary spoke into the mike he glanced at the fuel gauge, and his triumph changed to despair.

"John, Commander Ames says, 'Congratulations. Now take care of yourselves!' "

Yeah. Take care of ourselves. With twenty minutes of gas left in the tanks—and the Mackinac over an hour away!

They had made rosy plans, he and Mary. To get leave after this voyage. To marry and furnish an apartment.

But it wasn't going to work out . . .

"John!" Mary said, "I got a bearing on Wrangel Island. They say the fog is clearing and we can land there! The course is two hundred eighty-one degrees!"

"How far is it?" he demanded.

She asked Wrangel; then said, "About seventy-five miles!" Seventy-five miles. And they had gas for only forty miles.

"Over open sea?" he asked numbly.

"Most of it. Straight ahead, darling!"

Her eyes were shining and her voice almost sang. She just didn't know. Soon's we're over land she'll bail out. She's got to bail out! . . . But if we're still in fog when the motor quits, how'll I know whether we're over land or open sea?

Seventy-odd miles, and gas for forty—

Mary shouldn't have come! Damn it, the arctic's no place for a woman!

The miles slid away. So *swiftly* that gas-indicator needle moved toward empty! And then the fog started thinning.

AT first he dared not believe it. But the sea of mist below *was* fraying out. Abruptly his heart stood still as the motor choked and popped, then quit cold.

Instantly he pushed stick forward, to prevent a stall. Down into the thinning fog he dived in a flat glide. And he started to shout to Mary, to tell her to bail out. Then he saw water below and he checked the command. *Such lousy luck!*

That was surf below. Up ahead combers were breaking in a white swirl of spray. That meant a beach!

But the plane was too low for bailing out. Somehow he'd have to land the ship!

He nosed down a trifle for speed; and hauled back on the stick, vaulting the plane over a tangle of rocks and driftwood. But that used up all lift, and the ship mushed down heavily. He kicked rudder, whirling the left wing down to absorb the impact. They hit with a crash. The wing crumpled as the plane cartwheeled, and the little ship smashed heavily down on its side. John's senses blacked out.

When he was aware of things again Mary was shaking him. He stirred, and his broken ribs sent stabs of pain across his chest. But there was no salty taste of blood on his lips; the adhesive tape on his sides had loosened, he decided. He tried to lift his left arm, but it had no feeling.

"John. John! Are you hurt?"

"My arm's bunged up. How about you?"

"Scared mostly, though I g-guess I'm one mass of bruises. John, I can't get this door open. We're caught in here."

"Let me," he said. Groggily he raised up, and shoved against the door with his good arm. But the fuselage was so twisted that the doors were jammed. The effort of pushing spread pain across his chest, and was useless. The door wouldn't budge.

Abruptly he quit working. He stared out the plastic front panel at the beach. A man

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was running down the shore toward them. John gazed, unbelieving. Not at the running man, but beyond. For a quarter mile down the beach a tower of wooden beams rose against the arctic sky. A radio tower!

"Good Lord, Mary, we couldn't have reached Wrangel Island, could we?"

That man was calling to them now, in Russian. Only it wasn't a man, it was a woman, in boots and dungarees and a light parka. Mary called back, her voice breaking with thankfulness. The woman picked up a length of driftwood, pried the plane door open, and helped them out.

Mary plied her with questions.

"John, this *is* Wrangel Island!" . . .

Later, their hurts tended to and warm food inside of them, they sat in the radio station drinking glasses of scalding tea which Anya Krylenko kept replenishing. She was one of the radio operators here. Her husband was the meteorologist.

"How long has she been here, Mary?"

Mary inquired, and said, "Over ten years, since the early days of *Glavsevmorput*. The Northern Sea Route Administration uses many women here in the north."

"Tell her she does a good job. She saved us, Mary."

"A mere woman, John?" Mary said lightly. "But the arctic's no place for a woman."

He grinned ruefully, and very much in earnest he said, "I guess a woman's place is wherever she makes it. You've done a darn good job yourself."

"Not entirely, darling." Mary's face reddened. "I made one mistake."

"What was it?"

"Remember, I told you that we were seventy-five miles from this outpost?"

"You sure did. And we had gas for only forty-odd miles!"

"I guess I was pretty excited. You see, darling, Anya radioed the distance to me in *kilometers*. But I translated it to you as *miles*. And a kilometer is so much shorter than a mile! Wasn't that awful?"

"Women!" he said. But his derision was tender. "In Siberia—as in Times Square or Podunk—men just *can't* do without 'em!"

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FOR THE GIRL WHO WAITED

A FEW weeks ago we introduced the Websters, a typical American family whose members will appear at frequent intervals on Liberty's covers. Their son, Bill, had just come home from overseas, and although he was wounded, their Thanksgiving dinner was joyful. Now Bill apparently plans to put part of his discharge money into an engagement ring. His girl, Nancy Williams, who waited for him all those months, doesn't know Bill is ring-gazing. She'll find out Christmas Eve.

Bill, out of the Army for good now, will soon pick up his life where he left off. He has visited old friends, slept late, raided the icebox, and taken long, happy walks with Nancy on crisp fall afternoons. Soon he'll be back at work. But first he's going to give Nancy the ring that marks the beginning of a new life for them.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

When he doffs his uniform he'll still insist on YALE *shirts!*

When he's home again . . . he'll want to forget. But the small comforts that made the going easier will be remembered with pleasure. Yale shirts for instance. As a soldier of the world's best-dressed Army, he welcomes the Yale label today. Tomorrow he will insist on that same fine fit and tailoring by demanding the familiar Yale tag in his civilian shirts. Meanwhile, until "he's home," your favorite store's supply of Yale shirts is necessarily limited.

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THE FINAL MISSION—READJUSTMENT

Continued from Page 25

weathered every kind of strain that combat could produce.

Under the new organization, the Personnel Distribution Command takes hold the moment the returnee sets foot in the United States. He is met at the airfield or port of debarkation by a liaison officer who uses every resource to short-circuit formalities. Most of the questions boil down to "What can I do for you?" There is money, a hotel room, USO theater tickets, new uniforms (a surprising number need these) to welcome him. First impressions count, and the liaison officers are not too busy or too respectful of red tape to think of the little things that mean the whole world to a returnee.

For example, take the case of a young pilot waiting impatiently for the liaison officer to be through with him, to finish the arrangements which would release him on furlough the next morning. For two whole hours he'd been back in America, after completing a tour of duty in bombing missions over Germany. All he could see in the hotel room was the telephone, all he could think of was his wife in Baltimore, still unaware of his return. Finally he couldn't stand it any more. He blurted out, "I've got to phone my wife!"

The liaison officer grinned. "She isn't home, son. Right now, I guess"—he glanced at his watch—"she's somewhere over Philadelphia. We just gave her top priority and stopped a plane for her. Figured you might like to take her to a show tonight." He handed the pilot two USO tickets for a Broadway sell-out. "Twenty minutes to the airport. Well, what are you waiting for?"

For a moment the pilot stared incredulously. Then his overworked nerves caught up with him and he burst into tears.

"My God," he cried—"my God!—*what* an Air Force!"

The incident is not typical. Things don't always click so fast, but everything possible is done to expedite the one thing the returnee wants most—to see his family. Within not more than twelve hours he gets transportation and twenty-one days' leave, starting from arrival in his home district. At the end of this time he reports to the nearest Redistribution Station for a fifteen-day "processing." To a large degree this is an extension of his furlough, for he will be housed in a fine hotel and be given plenty of time and opportunity for relaxation.

The location of the three Redistribution Stations—Atlantic City, Miami, and Santa Monica—keeps travel from a given area to a minimum. Further, during this processing or decompression period the Air Forces want the returnee in as pleasant surroundings as possible, and each place has outstanding facilities—hotels, beaches, and sports. On arrival the airman registers at the desk like a civilian, and the Army "room clerk" assigns him to a room.

Private or colonel, he gets the same kind of room in the same kind of hotel. It is furnished just as it was in peacetimes, the sort of room that used to cost civilians $10 a day. It costs the officer returnee fifty cents a day, and he can have his wife for another $1.50. The enlisted man, of course, is furnished food and quarters, but he too can have his wife with him for $1.50 a day. Each hotel has its own beach and recreational facilities, and the processing schedule is arranged to occupy only a short period of each day.

A lecture the first day tells the returnee what it is all about. Then his finances are fixed up. Money wasn't easy to spend in a combat theater and there may be back pay coming to him. His papers, his clothes, his equipment, everything he needs is brought up to date so that he gets a fresh start.

Next day he settles down to a week of complete physical check-up—eyes, teeth, blood, operational reflexes, all the things important to soldiers and airmen. Each station has a completely equipped clinic, manned by some of the most experienced doctors in the Air Forces. These visits occupy less than two hours a day. The rest of the time the returnee can play or take it easy any way he wants. Food is tops, particularly in contrast to the limitations of overseas fare, and each meal costs officers about fifty cents. There are beer and soft drinks, but the heaviest demand is for fresh milk, of which American airmen drink incredible quantities.

A Redistribution Station hotel is a cross section of the picked youth of our country. For the moment, they are trying to unwind the tremendous tension created by long months of split-second fighting and bombing and strafing. The atmosphere is vital, but free of any of the jangle of a café-society joint. The men lie in the sun, play handball or tennis or ping-pong, play the nickel-machine games, go to the movies, keep an eye lifting for a girl, and take cat naps at any hour of the day.

Dozens of interviews are sought with the commanding officer—young fellows sitting down with an older man, seeking a steer on some personal problem. Often it is wife trouble, for maturity in killing doesn't help much in solving the problem of how to set up a new home and family by remote control in the middle of a great war. Most of all, however, the men talk—the sawed-off, shorthand gossip of men filled with adventure from every corner

Francis Vivian Drake

THE author of The Final Mission—Readjustment, Francis Vivian Drake, has been plane crazy since he was a boy in England. In 1915 he joined the R. A. F.; two years later he was loaned to the U. S. Signal Corps as instructor. Since then he's spent most of his time "upstairs," either as pilot or passenger, flying all the major European, South American, and U. S. air lines. Drake, now a naturalized citizen, is at present Aviation Editor of Reader's Digest and the Blue Network; also civilian adviser to the Assistant Secretary of War for Air. A great advocate of long-range bombing, Drake has written three books and many articles on aviation.

of the earth. Everywhere you look, the dominant impression is one of youth, combined with the sort of grim hardness that was the price of survival.

At the beginning of the second week all the medical facts are assembled. Now comes the most important part, the job of deciding on an assignment. On the returnee's case history are written the first three recommendations of the medical officers and the first three choices of the returnee himself. Every effort is made to harmonize the two, and the final interviews are conducted solely by combat airmen who have been returnees themselves. This last is a big point. The returnee doesn't look upon himself as a hero—the word makes him ill—but he knows that he has been through something that can be completely understood only by a man who has been through the same thing himself. When the returnee sits down in the conference room, the man across the desk wears the same wings and ribbons. When he says "B-24," he doesn't have to add, "That's a very large airplane with four engines. We use it to drop bombs with." The two men talk the same language.

THE first principle is that the new duty is going to be noncombat for at least six months, and not overseas. The next is that it must coincide with the medical findings. Sometimes the medicos slate a man for a first-rate convalescent hospital. The Air Force has them. Another man may need hospitalization, or additional furlough. Mostly, however, it's a new job, and each station has a list of all the jobs open in all the Air Forces and Commands in the United States. The examining officer takes plenty of time. Each case is individual, and the two men work it out together the Air Force way—as a team.

Assignment naturally depends upon what the returnee is fitted to do. For instance, it would be wasteful to send an expert group bombardier to a primary training unit with his hard-won experience of smashing the heart out of one great factory after another. He may be needed at the great Tactical Center at Orlando, or they may want him at Wright Field to criticize the newest gadget the engineers have dreamed up.

Then there is geography. The men have been a long while away from home, and if the right kind of job is open near Spokane, where the returnee's family lives, it is unnecessarily heartless to send him to Jacksonville. As far as is humanly possible, the right man is sent to the right job at the right place.

When assignment is finally made, a check telegram is sent to the unit to eliminate another bane of the old hit-or-miss system—the never-heard-of-you-what-have-you-come-for reception. The decision of the Redistribution Station carries final authority, but the assignment is always cleared at both ends.

Now comes the second phase of the two-week processing. There is a lecture about the four continental Air Forces in the United States and the various Commands, so that the returnee knows where everything is and what it does. There are War Room sessions where Intelligence officers give up-to-the-minute analyses of the war all over the world; and there is a special discussion of discipline and flying safety. It is all summed up in the station commander's talk:

"You men return to the United States with enormous prestige among soldiers and civilians alike. You're the stars of the winning team—a great team. You may joke about the ribbons on your chests. We don't. They stir men who have had to stay at home or who are on their way to combat. You are back here to give the Air Forces the benefit of your combat experience, to tell us all you can about defeating the enemy. The younger airmen, the new ones coming up for duty overseas, will take everything you say and do as a model. Don't take short cuts on flying safety—these kids don't have your experience to get away with it. Don't argue about the state of the war until you've got the latest Intelligence facts—we're going to give them to you. Finally, take it easy as you reorient yourself to the civilian life about you—we're going to talk to you about that, too."

This last is an exceedingly delicate problem. A man who owes his life to the finest equipment in the world has a high regard for the people who made that equipment—and so much of it. On the other hand, this same man knows in his bones that he owes his survival to team play in which all about him gave of their utmost, often at the cost of their lives. He gets a tremendous shock when he hears about rationing complaints, black markets, slowdowns, huge profits, boom times in the cabarets, political claptrap, and cheap optimism.

He is unspeakably bitter when a big raid on Japan is followed by a strike in a factory making B-29 equipment, or when the whole country goes into a tail spin over a dispute in a dry-goods company. Among his friends still in combat these things go by ugly names, and they make him think of the Articles of War dealing with "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

The AAF Personnel Distribution Command has to feel its way cautiously. It is dangerous to leave the problem alone, and it is tough to solve it. The Redistribution Stations have made a start by getting top-flight labor leaders and industrialists and newspaper people to give authoritative accountings of the home front. The talks and the questions and answers are all off the record, and, judging from the response, the Personnel Distribution Command feels it is on the right track. A hoped-for extension is the establishment of brief regular lectures by people from leading universities, surveying various fields as accurately as airmen survey their own activities.

In these and other ways still being studied it is hoped that returned airmen can be helped to find again their landmarks and compass bearings, not only for the remainder of the war but for the tremendous changes and problems that will accompany their eventual return to civilian life.

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Everybody in the Smith family knows why Rose is crying except Papa (Leon Ames).

An impromptu cake-walk (by Margaret O'Brien and Judy Garland) tops off a party.

On Halloween little Tootie rashly volunteers for the scariest prank of all.

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

(M-G-M) Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor

THIS film version of Sally Benson's flavorful series of sketches about the Smith clan brings the old family album magically to life—and what an album! Glowing with Technicolor, embellished with nostalgic songs, and elegantly turned out in all the ruffles, pleats, bows, sashes, and fringe of 1903, it glorifies an era and brings each one of the eight lovable Smiths right into your heart.

Father and Mother Smith (Leon Ames and Mary Astor), along with their five children and Grandpa (Harry Davenport), live in a comfortable rambling house in St. Louis. You see it first in the summertime, when tennis and trolley rides, parties and the exciting advent of a new boy next door are filling the hearts of the two older girls with delicious flutterings. Esther (Judy Garland) thinks she's falling in love; Rose (Lucille Bremer) is sure she's going to get a proposal when her beau calls her long distance. Meanwhile young Agnes (Joan Carroll) and the fiercely imaginative little Tootie (Margaret O'Brien) keep their eyes wide open and never miss a trick. Big brother Lon is full of Princetonian superiority; Grandpa twinkles with humorous understanding. The only one who's left out of the family problems is Papa. He's too busy being a lawyer to notice what's going on—and besides, nobody ever tells him anything.

Life in the Smith family unfolds delightfully throughout a whole year of changing seasons. Everything from heartache to homemade walnut cake comes in for a share of the family attention, and there's a classic Halloween adventure carried off in bravura style by the inimitable Tootie. But Christmas is a time for tears and partings; the house is being dismantled. Papa has accepted a promising offer in New York, and the family must leave their beloved St. Louis. And—worst of all—they'll miss the World's Fair! But Papa's only human, and when spring comes round to the Smith house, it finds the whole clan right where they wanted to be.

This series of endearing glimpses into the kind of wholesome, heart-warming family life you would like to have lived back in 1903 is really not a story at all But it makes nearly two hours of first-rate entertainment for everybody in the family.

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TOGETHER AGAIN

(Columbia) Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Charles Coburn

IRENE DUNNE and Charles Boyer are once more placed in titillating juxtaposition in this airspun comedy which flutters engagingly between nothing much and the promise of a high-temperature romance.

As the inhibited lady mayor of a small Vermont town, Ann Crandall (Irene Dunne) seems unduly satisfied. It takes the unremitting efforts of a kindly father-in-law (Charles Coburn) combined with a bolt of lightning (which knocks off the head of her stuffy husband's statue) to get her on the road to romance. New York is the place to order a new statue; it's also the place to buy a silly new hat. Papa-in-law recommends both. It seems he knows sculptors.

From the moment the spiffily-millinered Ann steps in the studio of sculptor George Corday (Charles Boyer) her goose is cooked. It's the hat, of course. It even makes elevator boys whistle; what won't it do to a slumbrous-eyed arteest? By the time Ann flees back to Vermont, she's spent a night in jail and got her picture in the paper in black undies. But it takes a ludicrous puppy-love mix-up and a new Corday statue—made in Vermont—to shake her loose from her mayoring.

This vanilla meringue achieves piquancy through the expert light-comedy touch of the principals. As Coburn explodes at one point, "If we have to sit here and rot, we might as well be gay about it."

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Ted Shane

YOU may find it hard to believe that the author of The Rose in Bloom, Ted Shane, takes anything seriously, but he does. Politics! Shane has run unsuccessfully for the Connecticut State Legislature three times. During the years between the last war, in which he fought, and today, Shane was movie critic for the New Yorker and a free-lance writer. Between trips to Hollywood he wrote two books, the more recent, Heroes of the Pacific, which he claims hit the best-seller list in his home town when it sold eight copies. Ted has two daughters, the apples of his eyes. At present he edits a magazine, 1,000 Jokes, and does our weekly, wackly crossword puzzle.

(Continued from page 52)

Both drip with ormolu and fancy furniture, and resemble the Museum of Art. Billy loves art and has also heard that art is valuable in these inflated times.

The sage of the Texas pampas, the Flushing Meadows, and the cellars of Forty-sixth Street keeps Broadway hours. He rises early afternoon, spends most of the day in non-Ahm-peer slippers and bathrobe doing business on the phone. He has four offices, but his bedroom is his main office—that and Lindy's. A huge and ornate Ahm-peer desk which dwarfs him holds three phones. One is gold. That's the one he calls Baruch and royalty on. He often dictates to two stenogs at once.

After dinner he and Eleanor grab a movie or a show or he takes his weekly nap at the Opera—an institution which he thinks has possibilities despite the scenery and sopranos. Maybe he'll take it over some day. Eleanor sees that his tie isn't unloosed at these sessions. Aside from this habit, he's terribly neat. Then to Lindy's, the stock exchange of Broadway, for corned-beef sandwiches, gossip, and wisecracks. About four in the morning Billy's home.

WHEN a show's going, Rose turns inhuman. His hours are from 9 A. M. to 4 A. M., and that goes for the rest of the cast, too. While he has many able lieutenants, he differs from Ziegfeld and others in that he delegates everything but authority to them. He is final court on everything.

He knows what he wants and is fluent about it. He interferes with the writers, the scene painters, the electricians; knows about dance steps, publicity, and chorus girls who can make trouble. He writes his own ads.

"He can be a pain in the neck," Kaufman assured me. "But it's a funny thing—everybody takes it. You can't argue with a million dollars—all earned by hard labor."

The Rose in bloom is a bit of a dude, a well-pressed world celebrity who collects other celebrities like cigar coupons. He's on the verge of having a book done about himself. He's become a connoisseur of oil paintings.

While there are few stories of Rose's loyalty or generosity to his help, there's no doubt that our dynamic, restless, pompadoured hero is loyal to his public. He expects the Seven Lively Arts to run a year and—like Zanuck, who threatened to add Grable's legs to the screen's Wilson to support the filmed President if he failed—Rose will add a pool and Eleanor Holm to the Arts if it falters.

THE END

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

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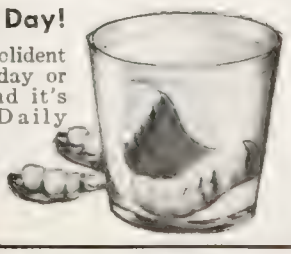

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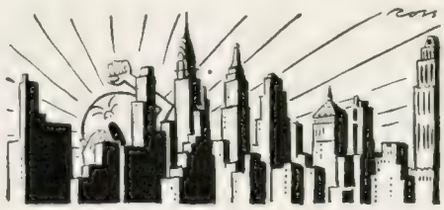
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

THE BEGINNING OF THE END: It is reassuring to reflect that before winter even gets started, we can see the beginning of the end. Although winter is scheduled to begin at 6.15 P. M. on December 21, the sun refuses to wait for that zero hour to reverse its cycle of setting. From December 2 to December 14 inclusive, it sets every day at 5.29 in the middle-eastern part of the country. Champing at the bit to stay up later, it then begins grabbing a minute or two every few days from the long dark nights. Imperceptibly at first, the days become longer at the end, though



the mornings continue to grow steadily more Stygian until the middle of January, when the sun pulls itself together and starts rising earlier. Then the days lengthen swiftly and we begin to take stock in the coming of spring, and feel our sap struggling to rise in our shivering veins.

G. I. QUESTIONS: There were so many repeats of the numerous questions asked by the servicemen who frequent the USO Club in Rochester, New York, that a bright young woman decided to compile an alphabetical Information Directory in order to simplify answering. The questions fell into 294 categories, and the answers fill three plump volumes. Starting at random among the Bs, here are some of the things the boys ask about: badminton, banking, barbers, baseball, baths, bicycles, blood tests, bowling, bus passes, cameras, Canadian money, canoeing, cash, check cashing, church services, cigarettes, classical records, cleaners, clergymen, clothes brushes; and so on to the Ws, where the comprehensive list includes weddings, wives, wrapping (see gifts and shopping service), and wrestling!

NEW BEAUTY: Two smart girls recently opened a business in New York specializing in head-to-toe beauty grooming. The job, as they like to do it, costs thirteen dollars and takes five hours, though they can speed it up if urged. The session starts with a scalp treatment, then a shampoo, followed by hair styling, hand massage, and manicure. At this point lunch or tea is served, depending on the hour. This is included in the thirteen-dollar table d'hôte charge. After lunch comes a shower, then a massage, with spot reducing if desired, then a snooze. A facial, a foot massage, and a glamorous daytime or evening make-up wind up the works. Yvonne does the hair styling and prides herself on sufficient originality to guarantee that if she coifs you, you'll never meet your double. The head-to-toe grooming is especially appealing to out-of-towners, who can check dressing cases and hang up evening frocks while they do their shopping, then return to rest up and be refreshed in appearance and spirit before a big evening.

CRUSADE: From Mrs. Elizabeth James of Oakland, California, comes this outpouring: "In the October 21 Liberty I note with deepest sympathy your protest against the rule 'navy blue is a spring color.' Three years ago, when my navy blue check coat was only a year old, I went forth one fall day to buy a navy blue suit. In my hand was clutched $30. I went to every store in Oakland, pleading, but ever the answer was, 'Navy blue? But that's a spring color!' So I went home suitless. I am the mother of a growing family and I need hardly say where the $30 went. I never did get the suit; the coat is now four years old and too tight across the shoulders and we have a new baby. I don't believe there is any connection between these last few items, but the navy blue suit has become a sort of symbol to me. I suggest we start a campaign to educate stores and stylists on the subject of navy blue. Frustratedly yours."

THE CHRISTMAS CRUSH: It's too late now to moan that you're being pushed around if you didn't listen to the stores' pleas to shop early because of delivery problems and the acute help shortage. One merchant went so far as to place a sign in his window that read: "HELP WANTED! Male or Female—Full Time or Part Time—Experienced or Inexperienced—Young or Old—Dead or Alive." And if the gifts you did *not* mail by December 1 fail to arrive

in time, remember 50,000 postal workers and 300,0000 railroad workers have gone into the armed services, and trains are loaded with war materials. . . . One Christmas warning you *can* still heed is *Stay off the trains and give our boys a chance to get home this Christmas!* Our transportation systems are doing a spectacular job, but buses and trains and planes are not made of rubber, and there is a limit to the number of people who can squeeze aboard. If your trip is not essential, *stay home.*... The Office of Defense Transportation also begs the public not to crowd the already overburdened southbound trains for unnecessary winter vacations. The OPA likewise lifts its voice in this appeal to stay put, by reminding those who would drive south that special gasoline rations are issued only when there is a permanent change of address. Those who drive to Florida to pass the winter are making pleasure, not business, trips, even if they maintain winter homes there. And anyone using a B or C card to drive to a resort is violating ration regulations.

A ROOM ON MAIN STREET

Continued from Page 17

quaint, gay adobe front, with a cactus garden and a hitching post. He pulled up and stopped. Inside, someone at the piano was playing I'll Be Seein' You very softly, and there was candlelight on all the tables flickering throughout the darkness of the room. The bartender was mixing drinks in a silver shaker. The hostess said, "How are you this evening, Major Lane? This way please."

By next week at this time he would be out of the Army. He would be Mr. Lane.

They were seated at a corner table. A waitress came over. She smiled, recognizing them.

"I'll have an old-fashioned."

"Make it two," Sally said.

Her eyes were bright in the candlelight. Her face was radiant.

They had been in Palm Springs three weeks and he had not written a line! The forty-thousand-dollar item was a stale joke now. He knew at last that he would never write it, or write anything again. He was not a writer, he was a flyer, and in that first one-and-only book I Fly Alone he had poured out everything he ever knew or thought on the subject. The idea that he could do another book had been an illusion. It was punctured now and gone forever. His feet were coming back to earth—and he did not like the feel of earth under his feet. But he could not write a new book.

But he had not told Sally this. Instead he had said, "Somehow I can't seem to get going here. I guess I'll have to *really* go away by myself. Go East maybe. Just for a few weeks. A couple of months at the outside."

She had protested bitterly against this. She had argued with him, and pleaded. She had cried. She saw no sense in it. But the days wore on—and she became aware of how restless he was and unhappy. The despair on his face melted her, and she had agreed.

"If that's what you *want* to do, Johnny, then it's what you should do."

"It'll only be for a couple of months."

But he knew that once he was East he would never return. And she knew it too, somehow. She sensed it. He was aware that she sensed it, yet each of them pretended to the other that the opposite was true—that it'd only be a couple of months, then he'd have the new book written.

"The moment I write 'the end' on that thing I'll fly here and we'll be married, Sally. I'll be *able* to marry you then. I'll have the kind of dough it takes to buy a house for you in Beverly Hills. With a swimming pool, and a badminton court. You're going to be a big star, shining hard and bright, and you *need* a setting; and a husband who's not just a flier but a good author, too."

The old-fashioneds came, and remembering these words, so empty now and painful to remember, Johnny drank his fast. He ordered another. Sally was starting a new picture on Monday. On Monday he'd be somewhere else, without her. Away from her for—for the first time in—how long? A year. A whole year!

"We should be finished dinner by seven," he said. "Are you packed?"

"Yes. Everything."

"We'll drive straight through. I'll have you in Hollywood by ten thirty."

She sipped her drink, saying nothing.

"So we leave our room on Main Street." He said it for lack of something to say, and because he felt incredibly sad and wanted her to know it.

"You've been wretched all the time we were here, Johnny."

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"No, I haven't!" His protest ached in him. "This is the happiest I've been in my whole life! What do you think the G. I.s'd say if they could see me—California desert resort, a beautiful girl, a black Pekingese, a shiny open-top car a mile long? I've been worried, sure, honey; but I've been happy!"

Maybe that's it, maybe I've gone soft. Maybe heaven isn't for me. Maybe it disagrees with me, like lobster does.

"I've been happy too, Johnny."

He nodded. "Sure. It's been fabulous! And once I get East and get that forty-thousand-dollar item written and off my chest—" He broke off. She'd looked away. For the first time, at the mention of the item she'd turned her head. He felt leaden. Hollow. The pretense was running out then too—the magic. All of the pretty glamor world, and the laughter in it, and the music . . . dying.

His second drink came, but he did not touch it. They ordered dinner. The piano keys returned again to I'll Be Seein' You. He thought, I'll never hear that song without thinking of the Doll's House in Palm Springs; and I'll never hear *any* song without thinking of Sally.

Her face was sad in the shadows. Her lipstick glistened and matched the red of her fingernails. I like her hair this way so much, he thought; she knows I like it this way. I like everything about her. There are other girls in the world, but no other girl like Sally.

The food came but he could not eat it. He'd never felt the way he felt now. She did not talk, and he toyed with his food, pushing it around with his fork.

AFTER dinner they drove back to the hotel. He deposited her bags in the car trunk, and Sally carried Ping out and put her on the red leather seat. By seven thirty, they were on the highway that leads to Los Angeles.

"I'll miss the desert," she said.

"Me too."

They did not talk again. They stopped once and put up the car's top. Then they continued driving. At ten thirty he pulled up in front of the apartment house in which she lived.

"Right on schedule," he said.

"Coming up?"

"No," he said. "I've got some things to do tonight. I'll call you in the morning at the studio."

He would call all right, and he would tell her then—that he had to leave for the East at once. By plane: his last order before his release from the Army. She would be on the set surrounded by people, very busy and excited starting the new picture, and he would sound so casual on the phone that she would not be alarmed or at all suspicious. That would not come until much later when she'd had time to think it over, and by that time the blow would be softened.

This was the way he was going to work it—on the phone, casually, no big scene, just very gently. It'd be easier that way for both of them. That was the way he'd do it, and therefore, though she didn't know it, now, tonight, was the last time he would ever see her. He helped her out of the car and walked to the door. She was carrying Ping.

"I can manage the suitcase all right from here, Johnny."

So he gave her the bag, and kissed her.

"Good night, Sally."

"Good night," she said.

The door closed, and she was gone.

He did not sleep at all that night.

IN the morning, at ten, he called the studio. She had been due on the set at 6 A. M. But a voice from the sound stage said, "She ain't showed for work yet. There seems to be some trouble . . ." and a minute later, answering his frantic questions, "J. R.'s sore as a boil. There's a rumor she's on suspension. Indefinitely. But we got the sets built, everything ready. The picture's *got* to start. I think J. R.'s going to replace her with one of the older stars . . ."

Johnny hung up. He was numb.

He raced to her apartment. No one answered. He routed out the landlady and made her open the door and look inside. No Sally. Even Ping was gone! Oh, my God! he thought, and there was no thought at all coherent beyond this. Just agony and a voice in his mind repeating those words.

He looked for her that day everywhere. He called the studio a dozen times.

They didn't know where she was either.

They inferred by now that moreover they didn't care: the official attitude.

At 9 P. M., after pounding fruitlessly on her door, he parked his car in front of the apartment house and began waiting. He waited all night. She never came home. In the morning, he went to a drive-in and had coffee. He returned at 10 A. M. There was a small van at the service entrance of the building.

The landlady said, "Yes, she moved her clothes out yesterday afternoon. Moved

HARDTACK

everything. I've already rented the apartment. There's a scarcity of apartments, you know."

"But where *is* she? Where did she go?"

"Her forwarding address is—let's see—I have it right here . . ."

She adjusted her glasses. She's so slow, so *slow*, he thought. Doesn't she know? She looked up, reading from a slip of paper. It was an address on Main Street in Los Angeles.

He was stunned. He could not believe it. He grabbed the slip of paper and read it himself. Then, suddenly, he was furious. He was wild!

Somehow he got out to the street and into the car.

The place on Main Street was a run-down hotel. Sally was registered in a room on the third floor. He raced up the steps. He was shaking so he could scarcely stand on his feet. He reached the door and knocked. He heard Ping bark. He was so overcome with relief he began to laugh. Then it was not laughter suddenly but a sobbing, and when she opened the door and he saw her, he swept her right into his arms. He couldn't talk. It was the first time he'd cried since as far back as he could remember.

When that was over, when he'd kissed her, and held her, he looked around the shabby room and he saw her clothes hanging in the closet; he saw a gas plate on which you could cook coffee. Sally was in a plain house dress, looking young and very beautiful. He was afraid suddenly. She expected him to write the book after all, then. He asked her.

"No, darling," she said, "I don't. I've known for some time you'd never write it. You wrote everything once—all of it. Why, even the little anecdotes and stories you tell me about the war—they're all in I Fly Alone, word for word. You keep repeating parts of your book, not realizing it."

"Do I?"

"Yes. But it's only natural! Because it's *you*. But don't you see, I couldn't *tell* you you'd never write the new book. Because afterward, when you didn't, you might have felt *I* was the one who had discouraged you! You might even have imagined you *would* have written it—but that I had talked you out of it. And if you'd thought that, you would have always felt a bitterness and a resentment toward me for having said anything."

He nodded.

"So I had to go on, letting you say you'd write it, letting you think so."

"But then—if you *don't* expect me to write it—why this—this room?"

IT was she who cried now. "It's silly, isn't it? But, Johnny, I was desperate! I don't want anything or anyone but you! And last night I was losing you. I knew it. Because you're losing yourself. You're changing from the war celebrity you've been this past year and a half back into the nice but plain and ordinary guy you were before the war.

"Something has ended for you. The war era. The hurrah. Oh, it's all swell, darling! But you were thinking of me as someone who is in that world. You were thinking when you left it you had to leave me too and—I know you very well, Johnny—no one at all could have possibly persuaded you to do otherwise."

"I was thinking of your career."

"That's so ridiculous," Sally said. "Who wants anything except you! You're my career! And if it's here in a room on Main Street, then we'll make the best of it. I rented this room. I left my address so you could find it—so you could come here and look at it and see what it was like to come back to earth once more. And because I wanted you to know that *I'm* on earth too. Not somebody in a faraway dream heaven." She brushed at her tears. "Well, Johnny, do we get married or not?"

He could scarcely speak. He kept looking again and again at the room. She looked fine in it. She would look good anywhere. She loved him that much. She was so straight and simple and honest about it, he was humiliated. She saw him looking at the room, and she said:

"It's all right. We can get our start here. A lot of boys are going to come back from war, all hopped up on a world that isn't real, and they'll have to start again, in places like this. They'll have to start again to learn how to live, and though they may not write a book like you did, it will always be hard, never easy. I think it's called the period of adjustment. You have to face it. Once you do, it isn't bad. Look around. Is it bad? If I'm here with you all the time, is it bad? Do we need the Mocambo when we can get the same music on phonograph records?"

"SALLY," he said, "sit down here." He did not know how to say what he was going to say. "It won't have to be on Main Street in Los Angeles. There's that —air-lines job in the East I told you about. A hundred a week."

"Darling, a hundred a week's a lot of money!"

She was suddenly ecstatically happy. "And we have a nest egg of bonds—and your car. We won't need a car like that in the East."

"Don't you think so?" he said. His head was spinning. "No, I guess not." His voice picked up excitedly. "Honey, if we sell it, we'll have enough for the down payment on a little house, and—"

"Oh, Johnny, darling," she said, and she was hugging him. Ping didn't like it, and jumped up between them. Johnny rose. It was so incredibly wonderful to be back on earth again he could scarcely believe it.

He would never worry again, or fret. It was a wonderful place, this earth, all full of a kind of singing he hadn't been able to hear before. He looked again around the room.

"This isn't such a bad place. We'll go to Mexico today and get married—then let's return here and stay until it's time to leave for that job back East."

"All right, darling," she said.

He couldn't get over it—it was so great to be back on earth. He felt a kind of enchantment in it. He'd never been *this* happy, never! He turned his back and looked out of the window because he was going to cry again. He wasn't ashamed. He gazed down at the street and saw the people of the world, going this way and that, and a trolley clanging past. His voice tight, he said:

"A room on Main Street, honey. Imagine!"

THE END

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PAUL HUNTER
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Now is the time to define unconditional surrender.

LET'S DEFINE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

SINCE President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill announced after their Casablanca conference in early 1943 that our only terms for Germany were Unconditional Surrender, there has been little disposition in the Allied world to question this formula. Most of us here in America find it expresses our own wishes. We want this war fought to a conclusion so that our final victory will be decisive and complete. The will of the people of the United Nations to fight to complete victory is unshakable. So much so in fact, that, without weakening this determination, we can look beyond Unconditional Surrender to what lies ahead both for ourselves and the German nation.

The time has come to put a definition on Unconditional Surrender and to tell the Germans what we intend to accomplish by our victory over them. Our leaders have stated that Germany will remain a nation and that she will not be destroyed nor her people enslaved. She will be punished, naturally, and made to undo, insofar as it is possible, the harm she has done. As time goes on and future generations grow up in a Germany free from aggressive tendencies, she will take her place among peace-loving nations of the world.

This seems to be our intention, but meanwhile Unconditional Surrender stands and furnishes to the Nazis a powerful propaganda weapon which they use unsparingly to keep the Germans fighting.

There's no doubt our armies can go on until not a single German is left on his feet. As it looks now, it may be necessary for them to do so unless we convince the people of Germany that continued resistance works to their disadvantage.

The Nazis know they haven't a chance of winning. They admit they keep fighting in order to induce us to modify our demand for Unconditional Surrender. The German people don't know what it means, and as a consequence are at the mercy of their leaders, who interpret this demand for them in ways which are far from the eventual reality.

The United Nations are going to achieve their ultimate purpose in Germany regardless of whether the Germans surrender now or later. As long as we achieve our ultimate purpose, why do we not tell the Germans now what that purpose is? We might shorten the war considerably by accompanying our demand for Unconditional Surrender with a clear definition of what it means. It is foolish to allow Hitler and his henchmen to interpret this formula to the German people. We can do it more authoritatively ourselves.

Lives are valuable, and so is the war material we are expending to prove to the Germans what is already obvious—they are licked! Let's tell them now what's in store for them. Once they know, they may find it worth while to lay down their arms and come and get it.

Paul Hunter

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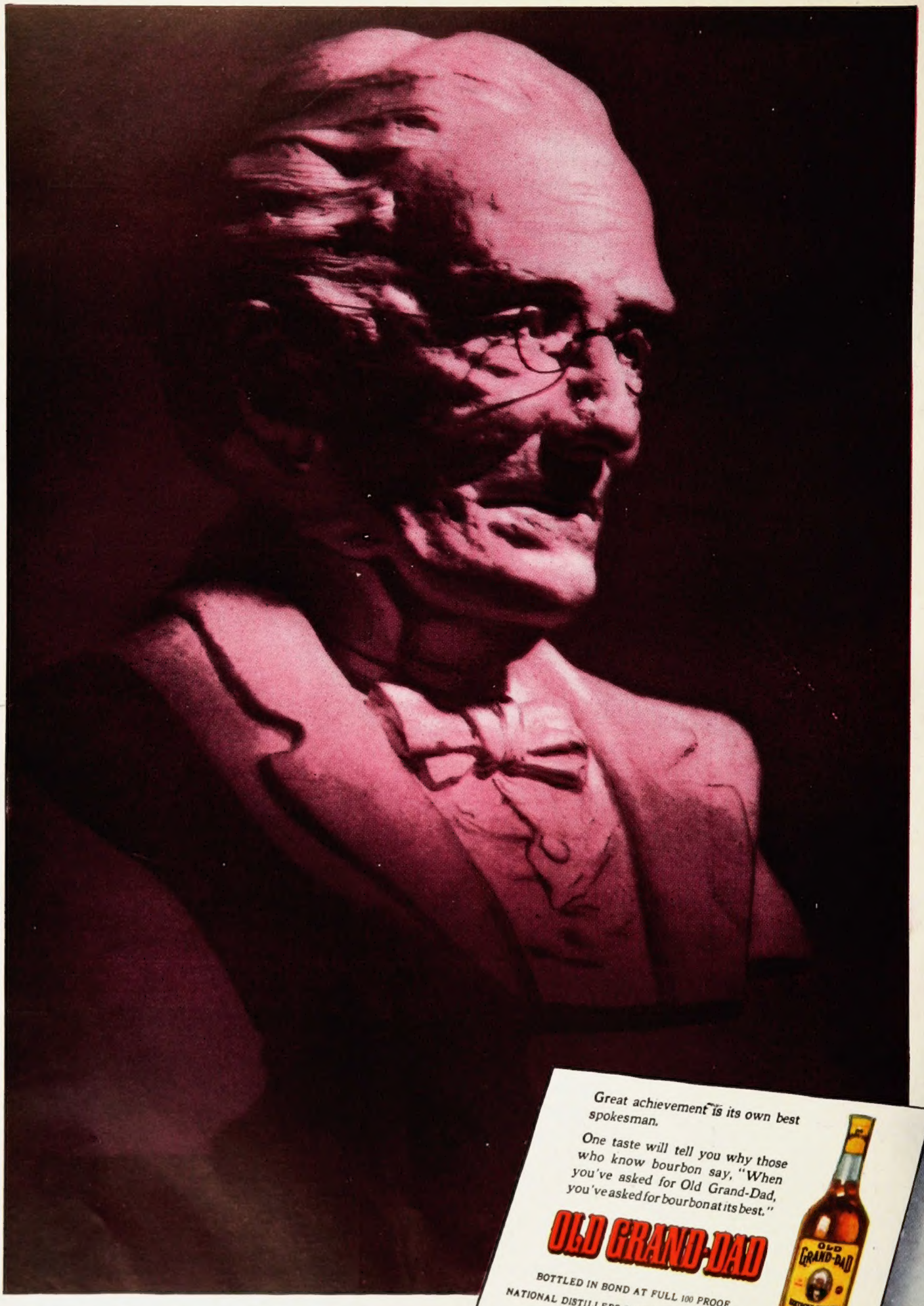

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